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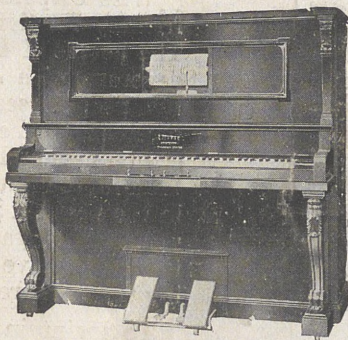
# Graphic



VOL. XXVI Los Angeles, Cal., February 2, 1907 No. 9

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## Editorial

Is there anything the matter with the Western college presidents these days? It would seem so. If they are not afflicted with "millionairitis" they surely are

### Afflicted With Millionairitis.

and swellheadomania. Jordan, for instance, talks too much, and necessarily is full of double-entendre and tergiversation. Wheeler the same, except that the latter contrives to maintain a rigid, even if sometimes indecorous, unchangeableness, right or wrong. Just at present these two college presidents are getting it often and hard from the press, from Siskiyou to San Diego, so much so and so vigorously that it is a matter of surprise that they do not get a little wise. Jordan, in particular, has made more fool utterances about earthquakes and Japanese than any other ten men of prominence on the Pacific Coast. To be sure, he explains and moderates some things that obtain dissemination, but this seemingly adds to his discomfiture.

Primarily these remarks are intended for the eye of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, Mr. Howard Huntington, Mr. J. McMillan and Mr.

W. E. Dunn of the Pacific Electric and Los Angeles Public Wrath is Aroused. Railway companies. Others

may read, that they may concur in these observations. Inquiry will reveal that there are no dissenters.

Wise corporations prefer to maintain most friendly relations with the people they serve. The people of Los Angeles have been fair and generous with both of the companies named; the people recognize that to the liberal extensions, to the progressive policy, to the far-sightedness and business acumen of Mr. Henry Huntington much of the city's development in the past six years is due. The people have not been niggardly in their favors; in return the roads have not been niggardly in providing the best roadbed, track and rolling stock.

To maintain these pleasant and just relations is obviously to the best interests of all parties concerned. People are calmly enduring the discomforts due to overcrowded cars content with the assurance that Mr. Huntington has ordered more and sufficient rolling stock to go into service at the earliest possible delivery.

But one discomfort they are rising up against in angry protest is the failure of the cars to stop at signal. Echoes of this rising storm have no doubt reached the high officials in the big building at Sixth and Main. Yet these officials surely have not been told of the size of this storm-cloud or they would have heeded. People usually do not like to say unpleasant things to those in the "seats of the mighty," and the storm now gathering will develop amazingly unless the course is removed.

Mr. Huntington, Mr. McMillan, Mr. Dunn and all others! Hear ye! People do not care a red bean whether your cars "get there" two minutes early or late. When your cars are signalled the man on the street expects to pay his nickel and meet his appointments; does not expect a yah-yah from your motorman. The man on the street has an idea that you are not fulfilling the terms of your franchises whenever your cars whiz by. More

than this, two men at least think you are responsible for losses sustained when they failed to make connections on business deals pending, owing to the action of your motormen. The courts have held telegraph companies responsible for errors of transmission of dispatches. Two men are convinced that you are responsible for errors of omission in transmission of passengers, under your contract with the public as recorded in your franchises.

There is no diplomacy or tact in over-riding the people this way. It is much better to be on good terms with the man-with-the-nickel than to make an enemy of him. He has treated you well and knows it; he has, up to this winter, had fair treatment from you, and resents what he is getting now—resents it most bitterly. And in the end he is the man who counts and votes.

More power to that splendid young chevalier, Mr. William R. Hearst, in his heroic campaign against Simon Guggenheim, who has bought his way into the United States Senate, via the Colorado Legislature.

Mr. Hearst's harangues, delivered from the safe distance of Chicago on the one side, and San Francisco and Los Angeles on the other, no doubt will have a tremendous effect upon the electorate and the legislature of Colorado. Mr. Hearst naturally understands the advantage of championing a cause which has the universal support and countenance of every decent American citizen.

While Mr. Hearst is in the business of exploiting political purchase and sale, let him tell how George Hearst was elected Senator from California. There is a mighty interesting graft story in that, Mr. Hearst, and it concerns your family pretty closely. Likewise, Mr. Hearst, tell the details of the corrupt bargain your representatives made with petty political bosses in San Francisco, and the amount of money paid outright for the purchase of delegates at the Santa Cruz convention two years ago, when you bought and bargained for enough delegates to give you the California delegation to the Democratic National Convention.

Corruption is corruption, no matter by whom practiced. Mr. Hearst obtained the California delegation by a deal with the boss of the Little Louisiana Lottery Company, and a deal with one of the chief paving contractors of San Francisco, supplemented by the outright purchase of delegates from Los Angeles county. Mr. Guggenheim is corrupt. So is Mr. Hearst. It is bad taste for the pot to call the kettle black!



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R. H. Hay Chapman  
Editor

# Graphic

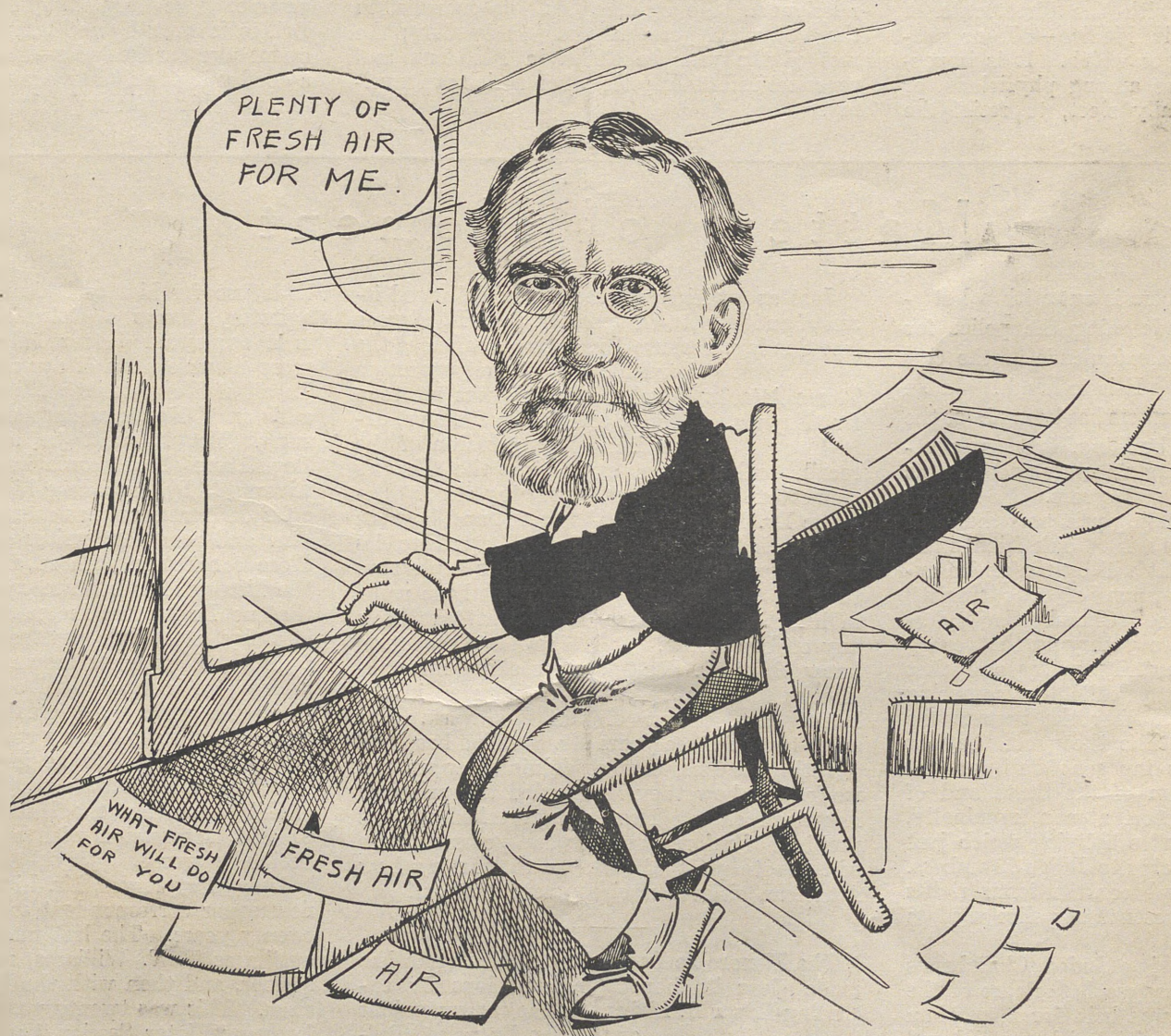
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## Who's Who in Los Angeles

LXXVI



NORMAN BRIDGE, M. D.

The subject of this sketch is a disciple of culture and an apostle of climate. If it were not for culture Dr. Bridge would not be the erudite scholar, the eminent physician and the polished gentleman that he is; if it were not for climate, Dr. Bridge's residence would be in Chicago instead of Pasadena.

Norman Bridge is one of the few Greeks we have in the West. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, is another. Now, you cannot come into contact with either of them without promptly being conscious that you are in a superior presence. It is no fault of the Greeks. Pos-

sibly my meaning is obscure, but I know exactly what I mean. The classification of "Greek" means to me the quintessence of polish. The "Greek" is exact to his fingertips, which are as nicely polished as every expression from his well ordered brain. The "Greek" may evolve astounding theories,



such as that it is a healthful practice to sit in draughts; but he will state them with such bland assurance that you cannot question their *ex cathedra* accuracy. The Athenian talks softly, but there is an unanswerable conviction in his voice. Yes, I am convinced, Norman Bridge is a Greek by cultivation; a Californian by climate.

I have had the privilege of knowing—and genuinely admiring—Dr. Bridge, for nearly a decade. To quote from one of Chevalier's coarser songs, "He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him first." I can quite believe that from *hoi polloi* this polished gentleman and scholar is so distant as to repel them. The truth is, he does not see them; he is rather "short-sighted." For his tastes are catholic, and in reality he is not exclusive, if he be eclectic. I have watched him shake the yellow right hand of William Randolph Hearst; I have likewise seen him, arm in arm, with Melville Stone, the confidante of emperors and the accomplished manager of the Associated Press. Dr. Bridge is not only polished; he is politic. And being assiduous in his search for knowledge and pursuit of distinction, he can afford to be familiar with the notorious as well as the elect. Of recent years he has condescended to terms of intimacy—I hope the terms are remunerative—even with captains of industry and generals of finance. Only lately I noticed his name identified with the directorate of some big enterprise in Mexico—oil, or railroads, or both—I forget which. It is impossible even for a prince among physicians, or one of the intellectually elect, to resist the

temptation to become rich nowadays.

And yet, despite Dr. Bridge's catholic tendencies, he is preeminently a specialist. His name is a household word among the tubercular. He has probably sent more patients to the Land of Sunshine and saved them than any other half dozen physicians in the country. His fame is world-wide as an authority on "lung trouble"; his lectures on tuberculosis are accepted as text-books.

Dr. Bridge celebrated his sixty-second birthday last December, but he doesn't look it. He has evidently practised what he preaches. His eye is keen, his step alert, his frame spare and his brain clear. Sixteen years ago there came to him a strong and stern test of character. Not only was he at the head of his profession in Chicago, but he was active in civic work and courted as a social leader. He was advised by fellow physicians that the medicine he had prescribed for others must be applied to his own case. The close ties he had formed, the eminent position he had attained, must be cut and abandoned, so that he himself might nurse his health and dwell beside the foothills. He took his own medicine.

In Chicago few names are better known than that of Norman Bridge. From 1881 to 1884 he was a member of the board of education and twice its president. From 1886 to 1890 he served on the board of election commissioners. He still spends two months, in the fall, each year, in the Windy City; the rest of the year he sleeps in Pasadena and practises in Los Angeles, when he is not traveling.

Norman Bridge was born at Windsor, Vermont, December 30, 1844. He was educated in the public schools and in the high school of Sycamore, Illinois. He graduated from the Chicago Medical College in 1868, and is also M. D. of Rush Medical College and A. M. of Lake Forest University. Dr. Bridge has adorned and edified various medical chairs since 1873; he is now emeritus professor of medicine in Rush Medical College, University of Chicago. He is a member of the Association of American Physicians, the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and many other scientific and medical bodies. He belongs to the Sunset Club of both Chicago and Los Angeles and of numerous other social organizations.

He is author of two score or more treatises on medicine and cognate subjects, and among his published volumes are "The Penalties of Taste and Other Essays" (1898) and "The Rewards of Taste and Other Essays" (1902). As I have already intimated, Dr. Bridge's own taste is most refined and forms an uplifting example.

Dr. Bridge is exceedingly loyal to his friends and holds his peace about his enemies. He is very much averse to such publicity as this article and illustration must give him, but he must accept it as the penalty of his distinction. He is helpful to his fellows in a wonderful variety of ways; sympathetic and suggestive. The only thing I have against Dr. Bridge is that I once heard him—in an eloquent plea for fresh air—maintain that it was a good thing to sit in a draught. I assiduously followed his voice and caught a bad cold.

## Matters of Moment

Police Judge Chambers is out with a hotly-worded interview condemning the police for holding prisoners *incommunicado* at the city jail. It is to laugh. Judge

**Hold Prisoners Incommunicado.** Chambers has been about the jail building, first as prosecuting attorney and then as police justice for several years. He knows that the system of refusing prisoners the right to communicate with their outside friends has been and is exercised at will by the police authorities. The assumption of this "right" dates back before "Joe" Chambers's day at the prison. The police theory is that every man arrested is necessarily guilty and that public policy frequently calls for immuring men prior, during and after the process the police call sweating. The theory of the law is that every man is innocent until proved guilty; the constitution of the State and of the United States protect a man, nominally, from the species of police bullying which just now appears so distressing to Judge Chambers. But legal theories and constitutional rights cut no figure in the presence of police wisdom and majesty.

Is it necessary to jog Judge Chambers's mind a bit that he may recall the case of the Pasadena youth who was held for more than twenty days in the city jail, without trial and on no charge whatever? That was a sample case of the *incommunicado* system. The facts in this case, which the Graphic believes Judge Chambers knows, were rigidly suppressed by the daily papers. No new thing, is this, to Judge Chambers. He has been around the foul-smelling building on First street far too long, to admit that he has made a marvelous discovery.

Just as anticipated, the Times delivered itself of another attack upon Dr. John R. Haynes last Sunday, because Dr. Haynes had told the truth about the city printing

**Times Attacks Dr. Haynes.** deal. Dr. Haynes wrote a letter to Lincoln Steffens, explaining the operation of the recall, and likewise explaining the Times's connection with the city printing steal. Because Dr. Haynes told the truth, and because the truth stung, the Times resorted to its usual weapon, the bludgeon. It is a pleasure to know that Dr. Haynes has passed the point in his career when the Times's attacks have any effect on him. It is likewise pleasant to know that Mr. Steffens, in seeking information as to the recall, is taking a step in the latest development of his life work. For some two or three years Mr. Steffens has been devoting his energies to explaining how grafters work, and how they have ruled the principal American cities. Now he has taken up the problem of reform, and for two years or more will devote most of his time to learning how American cities can circumvent grafters.

The Honorable Legislature of California has made clear its honorable intentions by excluding Edgar A. Livernash, the correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, from the building in which the Legislature meets. The Honorable Assembly has vindicated its honorable self by going farther than the Honorable Senate, for the Assembly extends the exclusion to all correspondents of the San Francisco Bulletin. While conceding and recognizing Mr. Livernash's transcendent brilliancy, the Graphic has

little use for him and his work. Always an agitator, always a disturber, Mr. Livernash is a somewhat better balanced and rather more clever edition of our own Dr. Houghton. To all of Houghton's qualifications Livernash adds an ability to write, and he writes with a sting. Yet it must be apparent that the Legislature of California in so dignifying Mr. Livernash by excluding him from its wonderful deliberations, has merely conferred upon him and what he writes an added weight. Close connection with several Legislatures in the history of this State convinces the writer that no Legislature increases its strength one iota by attacking newspaper men in this fashion. Close inner knowledge of many transactions; for instance, such as the bill by which Riverside county was created, convinces the writer that a good many men go to the Legislature who ought to be in the penitentiary. The Honorable Senate may be purging itself of Livernash, but the Honorable Senate had to deal last session with members who were decidedly worse.

If memory serves, Mr. Livernash is the first newspaper correspondent so to be honored in twenty years. The last man who was "ruled out" was T. T. Williams, now with the Examiner, and then with the Post of San Francisco. This was twenty years ago, during the famous "Water Session," when the forces of Haggin, Tevis & Carr collided with those of Miller & Lux. Money flowed like water during this special session, and Williams made some remarks which did not suit an Honorable Senator from Santa Cruz. The fracas eventually ended with a black eye on the part of the honorable gentleman from Santa Cruz, and with Williams getting all the news as to what was going on. If the Legislature be-



lieves that it will dispose of Livernash by excluding him, it is away off its calculation. Mr. Livernash will get all the news of what is going on in Sacramento, and he has the ability to dress this news in such a manner that the Honorable Senators and Representatives will writhe under the whiplash.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, does not like to be interviewed. When some knowledge of his present mission to Southern California was requested, he replied:

"Is that anyone's business except my own?"

It is, Mr. Wheeler, if you are in Southern California on public business. If you are not, ordinary courtesy might impel you, as a gentleman, to give a decent answer to a

It is, Mr. Wheeler. You hold a public office — a very high one; perhaps the highest, all things considered, in the State of California. When you are 500 miles from your ordinary habitat, the public may want to know what you are doing. The public doesn't presume that your mission is illegitimate, although your discourteous reply to a courteous question might lead to that suspicion. And do not forget, Mr. Wheeler, that the people of the State of California pay your salary and expect, in paying you, to see a gentleman and not a boor at the head of the University.

Just as anticipated, the City Council is commencing to get the smudge for persisting in back-alley sessions, at which the public business is discussed in private.

**Back-Alley Sessions.** There is a proposition on foot to allow the street car companies to carry freight with few restrictions and under some scheme of payment into the city treasury. The Councilmen were in session recently over this proposition, which is a matter of the utmost and vital importance to every man and every tax-payer in Los Angeles. The Council had the impudence to discuss this matter behind closed doors. No matter if the "merchant members" of the Council think the people are too severe on the railways," as has been asserted,

the Councilmen must, in self protection and in protection of the public interests, come out into the open with what they are doing. If they fail in this they will lay themselves liable to the accusation of being tools of the street railway corporations, and there is no man—saint or devil—who can rest under this accusation and at the same time have hope of any future political life.

Councilmen, you must wake up to this one paramount requirement — publicity. Persist in your present course and you will be covered with political mud, from the top of your head to the soles of your feet, and the people will rise up and damn you before your terms are over.

Some mining stock boomers are taking violent exception to remarks made in last week's Graphic reflecting upon their business of selling Grand Gilt **Streaky Strides** Edge Prize, or some equally unworthy wild-cat stock to the gullible public at two cents a share or thereabouts. This is a streaky town in its methods of development, and the sale of wild-cat mining stock will no doubt go on until the periodical crop of suckers has been harvested.

To illustrate how streaky this place is, go back twenty years in your mind. Everybody planted vines up to twenty years ago. Then the orange fever came, and everybody planted oranges, rooting out the vineyards. Some made successes in oranges, but others tore out their orange trees and planted olives. The Belgian hare craze came, and again the public was relieved of its spare cash. About this period in the era of Los Angeles, everybody had a tapeworm, and Dr. Yglesias and other distinguished exponents of the tapeworm theory drove a most thriving business. The oil boom came next. Then we all took up land, city first and country next. We have laid out enough town lots for a city of 5,000,000 people, and the banks have drawn in their horns, much to the dismay of outside lot vendors. At present we are blowing mining stock bubbles, and before this mining

stock craze is over, somebody is going to get badly burned.

There are symptoms that the next thing in sight will be an industrial era, for already stock in industrials is being offered, although up to the present time it has been difficult to talk industrial corporations to men who say that they can make 50 per cent. every ten days on their money.

Now these things are all right in their way. Those men who have held to the vineyards have been making money steadily for years. The successful orange growers are the horticultural back-bone of California. Olives and olive oil return good profits to those who stuck to them. The legitimate oil men are not by any means down-hearted over the present condition of affairs. Dr. Yglesias has his shingle out, and is doing a modest business in tapeworms. There are enough Belgian hares to supply the demand for that sort of food, and no more. Well placed property, within a convenient distance from somewhere, has its value. Good mines will be worked at a profit long after the wild-cat boom of today is a memory. There is crying need for industrial development, and Frank Wiggins has a desk full of opportunities, but these opportunities do not pay 50 per cent. every ten days, but a decent income for a decent investment.

Nothing that is said here, of course, will deter the foolish people from parting with its dollars for worthless mining stocks. The only remedy for them in this case is to be plucked and plucked thoroughly.

Private funds already have been subscribed to carry out a plan to repopulate the California desert and forest reserves with antelope brought from Africa.—*News Item.*

Just about time again to hear about the story of the importation of camels into Arizona and of the mythical herd of wild camels somewhere in the Harqua Hala district. This story hasn't been resurrected by the Sunday Editors of the Great Dailies for fully three years.

## Robert E. Lee and Patriotism

By THOMAS LEE WOOLWINE

In an editorial in the Los Angeles Times of January 24, entitled "The President's Letter to the Lee Committee," appears the following scurrilous and defamatory language:

It will not do to let Gen. Robert E. Lee be held up before the eyes of the rising generation as a knight without reproach, as the type of American manhood to be taken as a model, as a patriot to be revered and imitated.

It is imperative to say one or two things more, namely—that Robert E. Lee was a traitor to his country; that he fired on the Flag; that he was false to his oath, and that his career should not and can not be an inspiration to youth.

While I am deeply conscious that no such vicious attack could in the least dim the lustre of Lee's imperishable fame and that time and history have accorded him his proper place among the truly good and great of the world, yet it would seem that in the name of truth and justice such a fling should not be allowed to go wholly unchallenged and that some voice, feeble though it may be, should be raised in protest.

To fully appreciate Robert E. Lee's crucial and trying position at the outbreak of hostilities it is well to bear in mind the dual nature of our Government, State and Federal, and the loyalty and devotion of the Southern people to States' rights and their hostility to

any movement on the part of the Federal Government tending to limit or transgress the prerogatives of the local or State government. So jealous was the State of Virginia in this regard that the ratification of the Federal Constitution by the people of that State contains the following saving clause: "We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, . . . do in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will."

Of course it is not my purpose to raise the question as to the right or wrong of the secession, but only quote the above as indicative of the attitude of the people of the several original States toward the Federal Government and to show how they sought to guard the sovereign States from the future assumption by the General Government of powers not actually delegated by the terms of the Constitution.

At the beginning of the conflict Robert E. Lee was a colonel of cavalry in the United

States Army, with a record of past service and achievement that gave every promise of advancement and honor that ambition could crave. Some days before the secession of Virginia, when the outbreak of hostilities seemed imminent, Francis P. Blair, Sr. was, at the instance of Mr. Lincoln, commissioned by the Hon. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, to tender to Col. Lee the supreme command of the United States forces in the field.

Lee well knew the superior strength of the North in numbers, resources and wealth; and no one realized more fully than he the comparative weakness and poverty of the South. To forsake the strong and battle with the weak under the lofty impulse of duty meant for him an almost unexampled sacrifice of ambition. Yet in a conflict between his State and the Union he felt that duty impelled his loyalty and ultimate allegiance to his State. He therefore declined the proffered command on the ground, among others, that he "could take no part in the invasion of the Southern States." Two days thereafter he forwarded his resignation to the War Department.

The following from Jones' "Life and Letters of Lee" well illustrates the character of the man and his great desire to perceive and follow the path of duty at any cost:



I received from Mrs. Lee once a very vivid account of the struggle it cost her husband to sever the ties which bound him to the Union and to the United States Army. She said that after his last interview with Gen. Scott he returned to Arlington deeply affected by the circumstances which surrounded him, and anxious to decide what was his present duty. The night his letter of resignation was written he asked to be left alone for a time, and while he paced the chamber above and was heard frequently to fall on his knees and engage in earnest prayer for divine guidance, she waited and watched and prayed below. At last he came down calm, collected, almost cheerful, and said, "Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here is my letter of resignation, and a letter I have written Gen. Scott."

In all reason what but the loftiest impulse and most unselfish devotion to duty could have driven him to take a course so manifestly suicidal to personal power and ambition? Can any just man question the rectitude of his purpose or characterize such an example of self-abnegation as the act of a traitor?

Before the outbreak of the War of the Revolution George Washington had served as an officer in the English Army. He turned against his Government and joined the rebels or revolutionists. According to the "Times" he also "was a traitor to his country; he fired on the flag; he was false to his oath and his career should not and cannot be an inspiration to youth." He, as well as every other man who bore arms against the mother country was a "traitor," yet the triumph of their course made glorious patriots of them all.

As to the honesty of Lee's convictions and as to whether his career should or could be an "inspiration to youth," it is best to consider the opinions of those who view his career in the impartial light of neutrality or that of some worthy foe generous enough to pay a well deserved tribute without the alloy of bitterness.

Lord Garnett Joseph Wolseley, for many years Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, after a personal acquaintance with Gen. Lee, said of him:

"The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as a rush light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to a spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, absolute devotion to his State, mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor and general courtesy endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clear, honest eyes, that seem to look into your heart while they searched your brain. I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man

who was cast in a grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. When all the angry feelings aroused by secession are buried with those that existed when the Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of their last great war with calm impartiality, I believe that all will admit that Gen. Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."

Charles A. Dana said in the New York Sun that "in the death of Gen. Lee an able soldier, a sincere Christian, and an honest man had been taken from earth."

The Montreal Telegraph said:

Posterity will rank Lee above Wellington or Napoleon, before Saxe or Turenne, above Marlborough or Frederick, before Alexander or Caesar . . . In fact, the greatest general of this or any other age. He has made his own name and the Confederacy he served, immortal.

The New York Herald said:

In him the military genius of America was developed to a greater extent than ever before. In him all that was pure and lofty in mind and purpose found lodgment. He came nearer the ideal of a soldier and a Christian general than any man we can think of, for he was

a greater soldier than Havelock, and equally as devout a Christian.

The London Standard said:

A country that has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame; for the fatherlands of Sidney and of Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman and Christian than Gen. Robert E. Lee.

President Roosevelt, in the letter referred to in the "Times" editorial:

I join with you in honoring the life and career of that soldier and high-minded citizen, whose fame is now a matter of public pride to all our countrymen. . . . Gen. Lee has left us the memory, not merely of his extraordinary skill as a general, his dauntless courage and his leadership in campaign and battle, but as also of that serene greatness of soul characteristic of those who must readily recognize the obligations of civic duty.

Brigadier-Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, eldest son of Gen. U. S. Grant, in a tribute to Gen. Lee, published in Collier's of January 19, 1907, says among other things:

He was a model man, had been a model cadet at West Point, and his thoughtful care of his men endeared them to him. . . . My impression of the man, of course, has been obtained largely from what I've heard my father say of him. At Appomattox, Gen. Grant met him, not as an enemy, but as a noble-hearted, high-minded man who had simply taken a different view on a very vital subject. That winning personality which had charmed the whole South, appealed strongly to my father. Gen. Lee was a beautiful loveable character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman.

## Impressive Men I Have Known

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

(Continued from last week)

One of the most impressive of all Americans—at least during the closing decade of his life—was Jefferson Davis. I last saw him in New Orleans, in January, 1885, at the Cotton States Exposition. I had been a member of a committee selected to go to the station near his Mississippi home and invite him to accompany the Independence Bell (then due at the station) on its way from the City of Brotherly Love to the Crescent City. The honored Mississippian seemed careworn but cheerful, and he made hosts of "Yankee" friends (there were about forty of us in all) by his beautiful and patriotic remarks.

Pre-eminent among men distinguished for their overpowering impressiveness was "Old Ben Butler," who, once seen and heard, could never be forgotten. He commenced and ended his political life a Democrat and was nearly everything between. He impressed the nation at Baltimore, in 1861, and later, in New Orleans. He hanged Mumford in the latter city for assailing the American flag, and, after the war, found a clerkship for Mrs. Mumford in the Interior Department and saw to it that she was for many years undisturbed. He was the first Congressman to suggest the impeachment of President Johnson, and insinuated a number of times that he believed the latter was one of the conspirators who sought Mr. Lincoln's life. He could utter more words in ten minutes than any other man in Congress in twice that time, and he could fill the galleries when favorites like Logan and Garfield could not. He was even impressive because of his extreme homeliness, his face having been more numerously imitated by comic actors than those of all the other public men of his day put together. His stomach seemed to commence at his throat and broaden and bulge out in all directions. And yet, in the cloak-room and street car, hotel lobby and drawing-room, this vituperative old fellow was as radiant and fetching as a cup of Bohea; and it was said of him by convivial companions who knew him well that he could

drink more champagne in a single evening than any other man in America.

Among ponderous men—men who weighed between 240 and 300—who were otherwise impressive than from tremendous avoirdupois, I place Sam Houston, Lovell H. Rousseau and Prince Napoleon among the first—it was the latter whom Sarah Bernhardt pronounced the cleverest, handsomest and wickedest man she had ever met. Leland Stanford was impressive in face and conversation. C. P. Huntington was extremely engaging and always saw the mirthful side of any subject, however serious; he was invariably equipped with those savory syllables that are said to turn away wrath. No one could ever forget Charlie Crocker's generally agreeable and hilarious manner. Senator Gwin was a simpering as handsome, and was one of the most impressive of all Americans; he overpowered Louis Napoleon, who made Mr. Gwin Duke of Sonora. He served in the Senate before the days of bribery and graft, and, being honest, died poor, although Crocker and Stanford saw to it that during his decline there should be no really rapacious wolf at his door. Half a century ago David S. Terry was a remarkably impressive person—the typical Texas ranger and California jurist, a perfect god of war in his gala days. The first time I saw Terry he was almost entirely enveloped in an awfully soiled linen duster and big slouch hat. His hair and whiskers were long and unbrushed, but his ensemble impressed me, and I asked a friend, "Who is that?" And the reply was: "Why that is Dave Terry, the man who killed Broderick! Hell!"

Phineas Banning was a remarkably impressive man, and big and broad in all ways.

Smaller but good-sized men of impressive presence were Horatio Seymour, who was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1868; Fernando Wood, one of the finest entertainers as well as one of the best poker players in Washington forty years ago. Roger A. Pryor, John S. and George Wise, Anson

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Burlingame, Howell Cobb, Herschel V. Johnson, Fred Douglass (the negro), Henry J. Raymond, Reverdy Johnson, Carl Schurz and Henry Winter Davis were all men of engaging and impressive ways, and extremely so in conversation and oratory.

A remarkably impressive man was Gen. W. H. L. Barnes, whose oratory was of the most superb kind. He was as fascinating in ordinary conversation as in set speech. An impressive as well as big and handsome fellow was George Barnes, one of the editors of the Call. Eugene Sullivan impressed all who knew him by his elegant manners; so also did Frank McCoppin—and these two men were remarkably handsome and quite as genial as fine looking. Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, was impressive in person and speech. He was in Los Angeles a few days ago for an hour or two, and he is still impressive and handsome. Indeed, he seems more like 60 than 80. John P. Jones, Stewart's colleague in the Senate for many years, was generally regarded as one of the most impressive orators and conversationalists in that body.

I knew William C. Ralston quite well, and he impressed me very much with his wondrous daring and public spirit. For ten or twelve years his greatest object was to acquaint the world with the many unsurpassed excellencies of San Francisco. He built the Palace Hotel as an advertisement. He was one of the most brilliant men in California, notwithstanding his failure, at last, as a banker. Had his object been only to make and to save money, and to accommodate only those who could put up gilt-edged security, he would have lived and died many times a millionaire. As

it was no depositor in the Bank of California lost a dollar by its temporary closing.

Galen Clark, the discoverer of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, impresses all who know him. Ninety-one years of age, he is still in the possession of nearly all his vigor and all his senses, and one of the most agreeable old persons I have ever known. The late A. N. Towne, of the Southern Pacific Company, impressed by his agreeable and magnetic personality and seemingly unblemished selfishness. One of the most impressive men in conversation I have ever known is William H. Mills, for a quarter of a century land agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad. I have long rated him as the most charming conversationalist in California, although I must admit that Col. Joseph D. Lynch is a close second.

One of the most impressive persons I have ever known was Adolph Sutro, the builder of the tunnel under the Comstock lode and once Mayor of San Francisco. He was big of mind and heart and possessed a commanding intellectuality. He was a bon vivant of high degree and a master of the art of fine living. At his request I used occasionally, twenty years ago, to take out distinguished men to the "Heights" for breakfast. Once I drove out (in a rockaway) Jeremiah Black and Andy Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and George Jones, owner of the New York Times (informing Mr. Sutro of my intention the day before), and they declared that Sutro's breakfast at the Cliff House was the biggest and finest they had ever sat down at.

It is a remarkable circumstance that so few of the great generals of the Civil War were at all impressive. Many of them were exceedingly handsome and in other ways attractive, but seldom impressive. Hooker and Granger were impressive in action, and so were McPherson and Osterhaus; but Grant and Sheridan, Mitchell and A. J. Smith, however cool and intrepid in the field, were never otherwise impressive. Newton and John H. King, Steedman and Jeff C. Davis, Tom Crittenden and Dick Johnson, Dan McCook and Kenner Gerard, Loomis and Bouton ranked as the bravest of the brave and were human cyclones on a field of action, and yet possessed hardly any impressive airs when in repose. Logan always impressed, and so did Oglesby; but Sherman had only a rugged impressiveness, much such as I have seen among the logging men and stage drivers of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Much more impressive were Baldy Smith, Rosecrans, Baird, Carlin, Sweeney, Miller and Sill, of the Army of the Cumberland. The most impressive of our great commanders was Gen. George H. Thomas, who was at all times grand, noble and sublime. Schofield, also, was big, handsome and impressive. Hancock was tremendously impressive. He was also handsome, majestic and superb, and one of the bravest of the brave. Among the Southern generals I have met, only Gordon of Georgia, Loring of Florida, Bate of Tennessee and Hayes of Louisiana made any lasting impression on me. Even that game-cock, Joe Johnston, the brilliant Beauregard, the reliable Hardee, and Wheeler, Forrest and Hood, as ex-Confederates, seemed to me only plain, ordinary, modest, loyal every-day men.

Philadelphia had its lion's share of impressive men. Col. Forney was as impressive in oratory and conversation as he was handsome and exuberant; genial old Tom Florence, who represented the Navy Yard district during the war—and a long time before—impressed everybody with his splendid manhood and integrity. Three or four times in

## REPORT OF CONDITION OF FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

At the Close of Business January 26, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$10,845,223.69
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	113,881.88
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits	736,959.03
U. S. bonds on hand	12,160.00
Premiums on U. S. bonds	57,450.99
Bonds only	820,873.15
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	\$ 688,778.17
Due from State Banks and bankers	505,719.83
Due from approved reserve agents	1,061,435.82
Checks and other cash items	129,721.56
Exchange for clearing house	282,104.22
Notes of other National Banks	8,813.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	4,531.93
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:	
Specie	2,161,441.00
Legal tender notes	608,600.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	5,451,145.53
Cash on hand—City and County	370,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer	62,500.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$19,720,194.27</b>

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus fund	250,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,157,338.26
National Bank notes outstanding	1,250,000.00
Due to other National Banks	\$1,198,764.62
Due to State Banks and bankers	671,805.36
Due to trust and savings banks	1,385,681.96
Dividends unpaid	2,465.00
Individual deposits subject to check	11,002,727.83
Demand certificates of deposit	216,495.93
Certified checks	35,781.55
Cashier's checks outstanding	89,030.92
U. S. deposits	695,102.84
<b>Total Deposits</b>	<b>15,297,856.01</b>
City and county deposits	370,000.00
Bonds borrowed	145,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$19,720,194.27</b>

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
County of Los Angeles—ss.  
I, W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.  
Corect: Attest:  
J. M. ELLIOTT,  
STODDARD JESS,  
W. C. PATTERSON,  
G. E. BITTINGER,  
W. J. TRASK,  
Directors.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January, 1907.  
W. N. HAMAKER, Notary Public.

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One million five hundred thousand dollars invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company, and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the officers of the First National Bank as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

## STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE LOS ANGELES TRUST CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

At the Close of Business January 26, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$3,283,520.03
Bonds and warrants	673,089.98
Banking house furniture and fixtures	436,500.00
Cash and sight exchange	1,347,445.96
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$5,740,555.97</b>
LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits (less expense)	202,566.11
Deposits	4,537,989.86
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$5,740,555.97</b>

## STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE METROPOLITAN BANK & TRUST CO.

Los Angeles, Cal.

At the Close of Business January 26, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$ 394,208.26
Overdrafts	1,143.72
Bonds	190,000.00
Bank premises	300,000.00
Furniture and fixtures (including safe deposit vaults)	25,000.00
Cash on hand and with banks	291,690.62
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,202,042.60</b>
LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	85,921.50
Mortgage assumed	100,000.00
Demand deposits	\$448,938.67
Time deposits	317,182.43
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$1,202,042.60</b>

## REPORT OF CONDITION OF The Farmers & Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles At the Close of Business January 26, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$ 6,759,725.41
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	75,569.21
United States bonds to secure circulation	1,500,000.00
United States bonds to secure United States deposits	100,000.00
United States bonds on hand	359,000.00
Premiums on United States bonds	108,820.00
Stocks, securities, etc., "bonds only"	1,410,499.48
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	409,671.00
Due from national banks (not reserve agents)	\$1,086,740.88
Due from State banks and bankers	299,631.71
Due from approved reserve agents	617,342.52
Checks and other cash items	537,452.82
Exchanges for clearing house	189,391.77
Notes of other national banks	68,100.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1,795.39
Call loans in New York	1,400,000.00
Lawful money reserve in viz: Specie	2,682,240.00
Legal tender notes	12,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	75,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$17,692,980.19</b>

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus fund	1,000,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	594,363.67
National bank notes outstanding	1,500,000.00
Due to other national banks	\$ 715,061.45
Due to State banks and bankers	644,930.93
Due to trust companies and savings banks	1,938,468.87
Dividends unpaid	723.00
Individual deposits subject to check	9,140,954.77
Demand certificates of deposit	554,363.25
Certified checks	4,114.25
United States deposits	100,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$17,692,980.19</b>

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,  
County of Los Angeles—ss.  
I, Charles Seyler, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
CHARLES SEYLER, Cashier  
Correst: Attest: J. A. GRAVES,  
T. E. NEWLIN,  
WM. G. KERCKHOFF,  
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of January, 1907.  
EDWARD G. KUSTER, Notary Public.





## and what it isn't

It isn't a speculation.

It isn't a so-called subdivision.

It isn't a part of the flat level staked off and arbitrarily given a fictitious value.

It isn't an enterprise to unload low-priced property at big profits

It isn't a high grade section surrounded by cheap sections.

It isn't an experiment, a "flyer," or a "chance."

Beverly Hills is a place by itself, like Hollywood, where the improvements are being put in, where every detail will be more elaborate and finer than anywhere else in all California.

And houses by the dozen are already assured.

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1866 I let the old fellow have a five or a ten which I hoped he would never return. There's a commentary on graft for you—an ex-Congressman borrowing five dollars. George M. Dallas, Vice-President with Polk, who dressed in gray cassimere, was elegant and impressive; and so was David Paul Brown, the eminent attorney, who used to promenade Chestnut street in blue swallow-tail coat and brass buttons. The distinguished orator and attorney, Dan Dougherty, was so fascinating as to impress anyone within his presence; Col. McClure, Morton McMichael and R. Shelton Mackenzie the same. Towering over all these in majesty of appearance was Gov. Geary, the first Mayor of San Francisco. I saw him at the head of his division at the battle of Peachtree Creek on July 20, 1864, mounted, like Hooker as fearless as he was brave, and routing Hood's dare-devil forces at all points. Generals Patterson and Cadwallader, who had commanded brigades in the Mexican war, and Colonels Biddle and Small, who had also seen service in Mexico, were of the impressive type of middle-aged and elderly Philadelphians.

(Continued next week.)

### "That Boy" and the Blue-Eyed Girl

Eleanor Gates can probably carry off the prize for finding a husband romantically. Had it not been for a cruel father she would probably never have met, and almost certainly would never have married Richard Walton Tully. The interesting part of this story is that the cruel father was not her own, nor Mr. Tully's, but a man quite unknown to both of them.

All this happened ever so long ago, as far back as 1899, in California. Eleanor Gates was then a blue-eyed girl, who was doing newspaper work on the Pacific Coast, and had attained the honor of being a "department editor" for the Oakland Enquirer, just across the bay from San Francisco. She was not a novelist then, though in her busy life had "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," "The Plow Woman," and "The Girl Who Travels Alone" were in the making. Some scraps of them raelly had been written.

But "department editing" in the Far West does not absolve one from reportorial work. It happened one day that the blue-eyed girl was hurriedly dispatched out of town to "do" what was either a murder or a suicide for the paper.

Here is where the cruel father came in, though quite incidentally and unknowingly, and made Eleanor Gates happy for life. The murder or suicide had occurred at Berkeley, which is a college town. Representing the Enquirer there, for the sum of about a dollar a day, was a smart young collegian. It had been two years since he had had a really good "story" in his territory, and getting up his usual budget of "cow notes" that morning, he thought himself fully justified in taking a trip into San Francisco for a matinee. This was Richard Walton Tully, since dramatist, who with David Belasco has recently put upon the stage "The Rose of the Rancho." He and Miss Gates had never even heard of each other, much less met.

Now observe how the romance accumulates dramatically. When the news of the juvenile tragedy of Berkeley reached the Enquirer office with all its details yet to be filled in, and with no exact knowledge as to whether or no there was a brutal father in the case, and therefore a splendid sensational "story,"



there was immediate excitement and a hue and cry to get hold of young Mr. Tully. By that time he was on his way to a San Francisco matinée, with his college notes coming down to the office per street car. After wasting fifteen minutes or so in vain telephoning, the blue-eyed Miss Gates was dispatched.

When that young lady came back to the office half a dozen hours later she had a self-satisfied air and an extremely good "first-day story" in her pocket. To a friend on the staff she said gleefully, "I tell you, 'that boy' over in Berkeley didn't know a blessed thing about that case." She didn't tell the managing editor that, however, and probably the people out on the Pacific Coast have never heard the full story yet.

This was the famous Brandes case, and the father had really murdered his little daughter by beating her so that she died from the injuries. It became a newspaper tale of sensation over weeks.

Tully's good angel was certainly near him then. Just as he had been about to board the train for San Francisco a friend told him of the tragedy which was to make such good "copy." He hastened to the house where the girl lived, and found a young woman just leaving the place. She introduced herself as Miss Gates of the Enquirer and asked him if he was Mr. Tully, adding quite imperiously, "Where have you been?"

Tully pretended to know all about the story, and inquired if she had any new details. She was not deceived, however, and did not hesitate to let him know she was not.

Then she said:

"I don't believe the girl killed herself. I think it's murder." Thereupon she waved her note-book wildly. Mr. Tully was scared. "I thought she was going to squeal on me," he has since said, "because I wasn't on deck. But in about two minutes I saw she wasn't that kind of a girl. She took charge of that story, though, from the start, and she said in a snappy way:

You go among the neighbors; talk with as many of them as you can who know anything about the case, and get what new facts you can. I will go right back to the office and write what stuff I've got. Now hurry, and with that she went off.

Tully, although he wasn't used to taking orders from a woman, did as he was told, and soon found enough corroboration of the murder theory to convince him that the blue-eyed girl knew her book pretty thoroughly.

Between them they wrote a story of the tragedy that caused a sensation all over the West. The Enquirer boldly charged murder and scouted the idea of suicide, and to Miss Gates and Mr. Tully was given over the work of securing evidence against the father of the dead girl. He was at once arrested and was soon after tried, convicted and sent to prison for ten years. He had beaten his daughter in a fit of temper, and caused her death. Miss Gates's alertness not only gave her paper a great story and caused the punishment of an inhuman parent, but it also won her a husband.

Soon after the Brandes case was concluded the reportorial partners decided to enter the

University of California. They were sweethearts then, for Mr. Tully was so impressed by Miss Gates's loyalty to her paper and her good nature in not reporting his absence from duty on the day of the tragedy that he lost no time in telling her so, and much more, with the usual result.

After matriculating at the University, Miss Gates, quite naturally, became editor of the college paper for girls, while her lover edited that for the male students. He also managed the University Glee Club, and in the midst of his other duties, found, or made time to write several college plays, all of which were well received. One in particular, "James Wobberts," made a decided hit.

Miss Gates, too, demonstrated her ability as a playwright, and a drama from her pen was acted successfully.

About Christmas time the young lovers decided that in the spring they would be married, and during Mr. Tully's senior year they went to one of the little country places and were wed. They returned to the college and resumed their studies and editorial and other work, but did not announce their marriage until their college life was at an end and they were ready to start for the East.

Mr. Tully was telling a friend of his marriage not long ago, and he said:

"Do you know that our action has led various other young couples to do the same thing, to the complete distraction of the worthy president of the University. But," he added, "not one of those college marriages has ever been followed by divorce or separation proceedings."

## Reasons for Doing So and Otherwise

### VII.

#### *Reasons for Skipping Sunday Night Tea.*

One rainy Sunday the Advocate was passing through one of the smaller rooms, at the club, when he espied Mustapha de Vere lounging, with nodding head, in one of the chairs.

"Glad to see you," said Mustapha, brightening up, as the Advocate sat down beside him. "Did you ever see such a depressing day, Sunday always gives me the blues. It seems as if in our civilization we were willing to live rationally for six days, and then submitted to all the kinds of boredom we can stand on Sunday—from homilies on sin in the morning, to complacent self-satisfaction in the afternoon."

"There is one custom in particular, which obtains generally from Maine to Florida, and from Yonkers to Garvanza, and that is the belated noon dinner of our over-fed pious class and their imitators. I have been to Mrs. Mudge's to dine today, at half past one o'clock—an abominable hour—and I feel as sleepy and stupid as afternoon turkey and three o'clock plum pudding can make me."

"Many excellent people dine at noon the year through," said the Advocate. "I myself, have always dined on Sundays, at what you call an abominable hour. I do not know that I am any the worse off for the practice."

"That is because you are conservative and timorous of any new order of things," ob-

jected Mustapha. "Fancy what would happen if every American stomach were as unconscious of its activity as a blooming rose. Can anything be more senseless than for people who habitually dine at seven o'clock, changing their whole manner of living once a week, with a vague idea that it is pleasing to the Lord. To me it seems ridiculous. People rise later on Sundays than on other days. They go to a somnolent service before noon, or read seventy-two pages of mere information, forgetfully, waking up sufficiently to empty an unduly filled larder, at an unusual hour, which is neither the hour of their daily luncheon nor of an unfortunate mid-day dinner. Sanctimonious propriety and digestive necessity alike impels them to take, in family groups, a puffy walk up some gentle slope where their goosey eyes condescendingly approve of nature's beauty. Returning home, expectant of a painful evening, a sort of tiffin is served in the gloaming, consisting of tea, thin sandwiches in ladylike stacks, and plain cake. The more adventurous sinners, —those who feel really devilish—add cold boiled ham and dabs of mayonnaise in boarding-house doses on unpeeled tomatoes. The prospect of the family party, this awful evening, alone with one's dear ones, has to be relieved by the addition of some wandering bachelor, or stricken maid of years. They come, perhaps like myself, half famished by a day in the hills or at the beach. This collation of cool dainties is offered cheerfully. On such fodder one is expected to be bright and amusing and glad of the attention. Of course it is a great deal easier for the house-wife to have friends come to such an insufficient and informally exasperating meal, if by any pleasing flattery it can be called more than a sort

of 'hobo hand-out' offered on Delft or Cope-land ware."

"It always seems to me," mused the Advocate, "that those family teas have a quiet charm of their own, which one never realizes on other days. They seem intimate and yield a cheerful cordiality that warms the cockles of my heart, at least."

"That is all very well," said Mustapha, "but be honest. Did you ever go to one of these lauded Sunday night teas without suppressing a yawn before you left? Furthermore, were you never guilty of going to some café for a bit to eat before you went home?"

"Perhaps I have," admitted the Advocate. "One often goes to a café for a sandwich, merely to look about a little at the swing of life."

"Precisely," urged Mustapha; "that is the point. You are so bored by the proclaimed intimacy of your Sunday night tea, that you have to go to some music-enlivened café to drive away the horrors, and to give your 'inwards' something to gnaw at."

"I enjoy the restfulness of Sunday," said the Advocate. "The continental idea of the day seems to me shocking."

"Pardon my laughing," continued Mustapha, "but I think you are a pious fraud. That old saw about the continental Sunday is too good. What a petrifying ideal to live up to! Do you fancy that generosity and high intelligence are ever dull; that to go to any heaven we must be dull? Is sainthood sluggish and like a dumpling, to be estimated by its sodden weight? The more inane the more seraphic? I have no such idea. My intelligence and my activity is the best part of me. I cannot afford to take fifty-two lessons a year in torpidity, hoping that insensi-



bility may generate an exotic consciousness. We often perceive that it does produce a fanatic. I think that you will find that most men dread Sunday, especially from five to eight o'clock. Lovely woman, bless her soul, takes that mournful hour to serve the worst meal, often on wobbly knees, that she dares to offer her reckless admirers, during the week. I can eat bean porridge hot when I must, but bean porridge cold by a wintry fire is not conducive to poetical sentiments nor to love of home, to my mind."

"What grudge have you against Sunday teas? asked the Advocate. "Do you want your company always ribald?"

"Not at all," objected Mustapha, warmly; "nothing of the sort. I can enjoy a nunnery as well as another. All that sort of thing is a charming aberation of the human mind. Sunday night tea is another aberation, but it is neither charming nor necessary. It is the invention of a curate or of a charwoman. My stomach is not a hospital for rebellious kitchen maids. Let me whisper it gently in your ear,

American women are not good housewives. Some day they will awaken to the fact that Sunday night tea is an open admission of their failure. Fair Desdemona, you may remember, urged her going with the Moor to the wars, by promising to look after his dinner. What warrior of our day could get his initial impulse to conquer the Indies beside one of these sparsely set tea tables? Sunday night tea is an admission that life is a bad job. The astute president of these mighty States could hardly employ his leisure better than by revising the Sunday menu. I do not know whether he submits to Sunday night tea or not. If so he probably has a snack in his dressing-room.

"Your notions seem to me very gluttonous," said the Advocate, a little disgusted.

"Possibly," admitted Mustapha; "but have you not yet discovered, after many failures, that to entertain people you must feed them, and well, even to their undoing. Ask a dyspeptic philosopher to a Sunday night tea and he will demur. Invite him to a

dinner of sixteen courses and he will accept, possibly under protest, but he will come. Certainly man is privileged to be as stupid as he can be, if he likes. But to force mental and bodily inactivity on energetic and hungry people, once a week, is like telling the wine bibber that wine is not good. He knows better from his point of view. The Sunday closing ordinance is the outcome of Sunday night teas. Even the City Council seems to feel that no one could keep sober on the Sabbath after a generation of these repasts. Blue Monday is in reality but the reflection of the desperation endured the night before. The middle-class ideal of Sunday is a sort of popcorn gaiety, where no one laughs at your second best jokes. One always asks for Sunday the people you ought to like but don't.

"Will you dine with me tonight," asked the Advocate, smiling.

"No, thank you," laughed Mustapha, "I will not inflict any more of my bad humor upon you."

THE TIMID ADVOCATE.

# ISAIAS W. HELLMAN BUILDING

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## By the Way

### Do the People Know.

Do the people of Los Angeles realize that the McCartney Senate Bill No. 98, compelling all California municipalities to purchase all lighting, heat and power plants doing business in its cities (gas and electricity), before being allowed the privilege of inaugurating a plant of its own, that they will be compelled to buy the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company, the Pacific Light & Power Company, the Edison Electric Company, the Lowe companies, the plants of the new company just starting and probably half a dozen more that will start for the sake of being bought out by the city? Before the city can use the power that can be developed from the Owens River we are going to spend between \$25,000,000 and \$40,000,000 to bring water to the city, we must buy them out.

Do you know that the amount of power that can be developed is 90,000 horsepower, and the city can supply its streets, parks, buildings and residences with motive power, heat and light for from 1-2 to 1 cent per kilowatt hour? This is not an idle question. Ask the engineers connected with the water department for corroboration of the statement. You now pay on an average of 11 cents per kilowatt hour, large amounts being wholesaled as low as 3 cents. Do you know that the sale of the power derived from the Owens River plant at the very lowest rate mentioned will be sufficient to keep our plant in good condition, pay interest upon the entire bonded indebtedness incurred in bringing the water supply to the city and provide a sinking fund, and that if we use our own power our taxes will not be increased notwithstanding the large amount of money the water plant will cost?

This bill of McCartney's, who is Walter Parker's "man Friday," is practically the same measure that Hahn had passed at the last session and that the indignant people by their protests induced Gov. Pardee to veto.

If you, the people of Los Angeles, wish this city to derive full benefit from the money expended in the Owens River scheme, if you do not want your taxes doubled, and if you do not want the other municipalities of California to suffer equally great wrong, protest at once by sending a postal card, letter or telegram to the Southern California delegation. Write likewise to the Governor asking him to veto this measure if passed; also to the city council, the Voters and Municipal League, the Chamber of Commerce and Merchants & Manufacturing Association, asking them to get busy.

### Mr. Bryan.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan came with a most generous welcome and went with a hearty god-speed. His lecture at Simpson's was without political significance; his speech at the banquet at Levy's, Tuesday night, marked the resumption of the love-feast in which Mr. Bryan and the Los Angeles Democracy have hitherto so ardently united. Mr. Bryan believes that Mr. Roosevelt has appropriated all of the choicest political wares of the Democracy; having absorbed them and become their chief exponent, Mr. Roosevelt has made himself the almost inevitable candidate of the Republican party. Mr. Bryan's statements intimating that the Republicans fear they will lose in 1908 with any other candidate than Roosevelt is significant and true. Mr. Bryan holds that the Democ-

racy can consistently co-operate with the President in all of the reform movements he has in hand, but the only fault with the President is that he has not gone far enough. Mr. Bryan advocates government ownership of railroads, defends the position of the Democracy in demanding arbitration of labor labor troubles, favors manipulating the tariff so as to lessen the evils due to the trusts, and preaches the gospel of the "square deal." Messrs. I. B. Dockweiler, George S. Patton, W. St. Clair Creighton, A. C. Harper, R. F. Del Valle, John W. Mitchell and T. E. Gibbon covered themselves with glory in the speech-making that preceded the remarks of Mr. Bryan.

### Slums.

Jacob Riis, whom President Roosevelt once designated as the "most useful citizen in New York," is the next lecturer to come to Los Angeles. If there is any real interest and fixity of purpose among the good people here-about who make a specialty of slum work and talk, of orphan asylum charities, of settlement houses and the like, Mr. Riis will draw a crowded house. Mr. Riis was once a reporter on the New York Sun. To him is due most of the amelioration of conditions on the East Side of New York. He will talk on "The Battle with the Slum," and the date is next Friday evening, February 8. The place is Simpson's Auditorium; the seats can be had at Birkels. I give this exact information because I want to be able to judge how much of all this interest in slum work in Los Angeles is real and how much humbug.

### New Gas Company.

By the time that this appears in print Joseph F. Sartori, Randolph H. Miner and their associates who have been engineering the organization of a new gas company, will probably have filed articles of incorporation. This decision to go ahead with the enterprise was reached at the secret meeting held last Saturday, the first particulars of which were published in last week's Graphic. The company is to have a capital stock of \$10,000,000. A working capital of \$1,000,000 will be provided before any bonds are sold. This company was started with the intention of having about twenty-five original stockholders, but the clamor for stock was so insistent from those who wanted to be "let into" the proposition, that the original number was raised to thirty-five, then to fifty and finally to sixty. The names of the original signers have the ring of real money. Here is the original list:

Joseph F. Sartori, Randolph H. Miner, Maurice S. Hellman, W. S. Bartlett, W. M. Garland, O. T. Johnson, C. W. Gates, Milo M. Potter, W. F. Botsford, R. A. Rowan, W. A. Barker, L. C. Brand, Hans Jevne, W. C. Price, E. J. Marshall, A. C. Bilicke, Dr. John R. Haynes, Dr. West Hughes, J. H. Braly, A. H. Braly, H. W. Frank, M. H. Newmark, Percy R. Wilson, E. T. Stimson, Harry Gray, H. M. Robinson, Edward B. Tufts, F. M. Lyon, Dr. M. N. Avery, J. S. Andrews, C. E. Anthony, W. D. Longyear, Charles H. Toll, Frank S. Hicks, J. E. Cook, Dr. H. Bert Ellis, R. G. Beebe, Wilcox Estate, Alfred H. Wilcox, Henry W. O'Melveny, George B. Ellis, Norman W. Church, A. L. Cheney, T. L. Duque, L. D. Sale, O. A. Trippet, J. E. Fishburn, W. D. Woolwine, R. I. Rogers, Michael J. Connell, Dr. Milbank, F. W. Braun and Frank Garbutt. Others are expected by the end of this week.

### Fight, Sure.

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Los Angeles will be the theater of as pretty a gas fight as the West has yet seen. No one has ever accused the old gas company of an unwillingness to "scrap." Whether the new company absorbs the puny Lowe plants as a nucleus or whether it will start wholly new, makes no difference in the battle that is brewing. And if the old company will fight there are some husky fighters in the list given above.

### Old Company Moves.

The new company will not enter the gas field, however, without finding a determined band of fighters already in possession. Time will be required to reach any considerable proportion of the consumers. Meanwhile the old company announces that it will, during the coming summer, increase its producing capacity to 20,000,000 feet per day. Under ordinary conditions the company can produce about 11,000,000 feet, so that the capacity will be nearly doubled. There have been times during the recent cold snap when as high as 2,000,000 feet were pumped into the mains in one hour. The old company has planned, too, to provide high pressure pipes so that no consumer may be incommode.

### Quo Warranto Proceedings.

While much is being said about the features of the fight to come nothing has yet appeared about the quo warranto proceedings now pending in the Supreme Court as to the right to tear up the streets. Another factor to which attention is beginning to be directed is the organization of another company headed by Pittsburg Phipps. Willis George Emerson appears to have something to do with the deal, he representing a company that makes a business of installing gas making machinery. Yes, there is a lively scramble in plain view.

### Funny.

About the funniest thing that has happened lately is the indignation expressed in the Examiner and elsewhere that the old company would not accept the "proffered aid of the Lowe company," and draw on Prof. Lowe's reserve supply of gas to relieve the situation. The old company, as stated, pumped as high as 2,000,000 feet an hour into its mains. The gas holder of the Lowe concern will contain about 100,000 feet. If the old company had called on "The old Professor" for gas, the Professor's supply of real gas would have been exhausted in three minutes. The Professor's supply of gas supplied by the chin and lungs is inexhaustible. "The Professor's" company supplies some 300 customers. Reserve supply!

### Gas Report.

To appease the popular clamor about low pressure service and to soothe the hysteria of the Examiner, the gas committee of the city council submitted, early in the week, a report censuring the old company for not being prepared for the prolonged cold snap that began in November. This report was signed by the gas committee and expert Foveaux. An effort was made to get expert McKay to sign the report of censure and he refused. A supplementary, or original reported, signed by both Foveaux and McKay, details the conditions that have existed. Stripped of verbiage the points revealed are as follows:

First—That when the cold spell began the company's capacity was about 8,500,000 feet per day; that the officials overworked the generators in a vain effort to meet the largely increased demand; that contracts were let for two new generators, one of which went into

commission in January, and another will go in this month; that the present improvements when completed will increase the capacity to 15,000,000 feet, which will make another gas famine an impossibility; that the company should provide surplus generating power.

Second—That the company should increase its gas pumping plant so that when a breakdown from fire occurs, as was the case some weeks ago at the time of the fire at the Palmetto street electric plant, there will be no interruption in the gas service. Contracts to this end have been let.

Third—That the company should provide high pressure pipes with which to increase the pressure in outlying districts; adequate pressure can be obtained by this means and it is not necessary to have small gas holders scattered over the city. Contracts to provide these pipes have been let.

Fourth—The plant is modern. Eleven of the fifteen generators have been put in since 1902. The storage capacity has nearly all been provided since 1904. It is ample. The pipes are all right.

In the discussion that followed the submission of these suggestions and recommendations, the former gas inspector, Mr. L. Cabell Read, who is exceedingly friendly to the Lowe interests, explained that the meters generally ran pretty nearly correct. He had tested one meter that ran 33 1-3 per cent slow and another that ran over 17 per cent. too fast. These were the extremes that he found. Usually the variation of all meters was rather small. Mr. Read had small opinion of the layman's views as to whether he had used more or less gas in any given time. The layman knew that he had accomplished one

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thing—had done his cooking or lighting or both. With low pressure, it would require more gas to do a certain amount of work. This, Mr. Read said, accounted for the higher gas bills of December. Mr. Read wanted the minimum pressure one inch and the maximum three inches. This would give the best results to all. This pressure, it should be explained, refers to the pressure necessary to send a column of water one inch or three inches high, one atmosphere or fifteen pounds to the square inch being equal to thirty-two feet of water.

The whole subject is now with the city attorney and the legislative committee of the city council for drafting ordinances along the lines proposed.

#### Municipalization.

The Graphic consistently and insistently believes that the eventual remedy for gas ills is municipal ownership. There has been a vast deal of good breath wasted in howling about the gas situation. One of the men connected with the Gas Consumers' Association has insisted that gas can be manufactured for 15 cents a thousand feet. If this is true, why isn't it good policy for the city to make its own gas? If the city can succeed with water why not with gas? If two gas companies can succeed financially in this territory, as many believe, why cannot the city? There has been a deal of destructive work actuated by all sorts of motives. Now let there rise up a Moses to show Los Angeles the way! The Democratic party has the Mayor

and is practically in control of city affairs. The Democratic municipal platform contains a municipal ownership plank. Is that plank good wood, straight grained and without knots, or is it decayed. What difference does it make if the new company now organizing is said to be willing to sell out at any time to the city at an advance of 10 per cent. over cost? Why should 10 per cent. be paid for building a gas works? Why not buy the one now in existence at a fair price? The experts say it is modern and in good condition, and on this question another set of experts might be called if Los Angeles still clings to the theory that the plant is played out.

#### Palavering With Small Boys.

Twenty times as much palaver is being published in the daily newspapers about the high-school fraternity question as the subject warrants. If the Board of Education and Principal Housh of the High School will pay less attention to the protests of the small boys and youths who attend the high school, and have less regard for the supposed influence of parents in school matters, they will give this subject short shrift. There is no reason, sense or excuse for "brat frats" as they are contemptuously termed by the University fraternities. Boys of 16 and 17 years of age should not be permitted to have rooms located somewhere in the city and away from the school, dedicated to their sole use. Fraternities breed cliques, dissensions, snobbishness and unnecessary expense. Temporizing with youths by warning them to initiate no more members is merely poulticing a bad sore which needs the knife. There is no likelihood whatever that the boys in spirit will accede to this compromise. Boys are not built that way. At 17 they know more than their elders, and mark you, the initiations will continue in secret. Mr. Housh is quoted as saying: "I look for the parents' support in helping us to abolish fraternities." That is mere wish-washy weakness. Abolish them first and talk to the parents afterward.

#### Make Them Pave.

Away back in the early 70's Los Angeles street, between Commercial street and Chinatown, was the same mass of mud after a rain that it is at present after every pluvial visitation, and was burlesqued as "Alameda Lake" by the Morning Star of thirty-odd years ago. It is the nastiest stretch of street not only in California but in the United States; and if there is no way of compelling the rich owners along that block to pave it, then let Los Angeles city pave it, and it will be money in the pockets of the municipality. Hundreds of dollars are spent every rainy season in piling up and carting away the mud that accumulates on that single block. For the life of me I can never understand why the merchants along that part of Los Angeles street have not forced the rich owners of handsome-paying property not only to pave the block alluded to, but Aliso and Alameda streets as well. I have never understood why the Health Officer has not found official fault with these nasty, offensive, sickness-breeding localities. No other city in the United States has such a filthy, unhealthful block right in the very heart of its wholesale business as Los Angeles street from Commercial to Aliso.

#### The Majestic.

At last Manager Oliver Moroseo of the Burbank Theater seems to have definitely determined the building of a new theater for the Shubert combinations. The Examiner gave publicity to the statement that the Ham-

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Made in gun metal calf, in tan Russia calf and in patent leather with leather bow to match. Has fudge hand-stitched sole and military heel.

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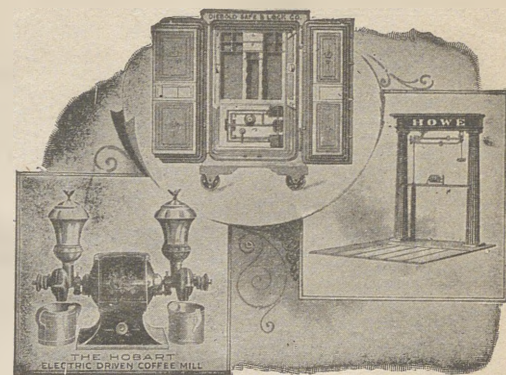
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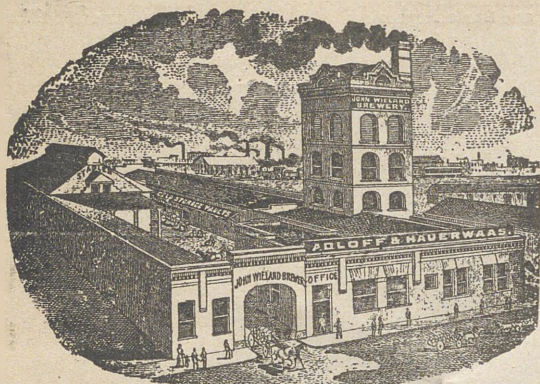
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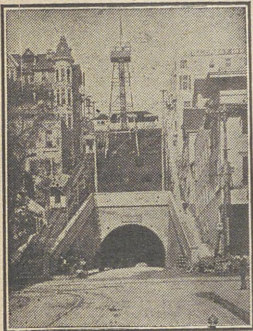
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Fares 5c with liberal ticket  
Reductions.

burgers would build the theater for Morosco adjoining their new department store at Ninth and Broadway. The cost to be \$300,000, and the auditorium a marvel of beauty. That is according to the Examiner story and the picture published. The other daily papers have ignored the story. This may be because they do not believe it, or because they are displeased at not having had the information at the same time as the Examiner. Mr. Morosco corroborates the statement, and it is said on the best of authority that Mr. Joseph Montrose, the present press agent for the Burbank, will be the treasurer. Mr. Morosco has been for six years working at this project. He has several times had it so near success that he gave the story out to the papers only to have something occur to upset all his plans. This time he seems to have kept his own counsel until the contracts were signed, sealed and delivered.

#### Managers Attracted.

The great business done by the local theaters has brought a couple of San Francisco managers here, this last week or so, with the idea of seeing if they cannot secure a theater so as to share in the general luck of having the public throw its money into managerial bank accounts. In addition to these prospecting ventures there are two well-advanced new theater projects in the hands of local man-

Drink "Corona" water for the table.

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#### American of Newark, N. J.

Capital, \$600,000. Surplus, \$2,430,459.

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#### American Central of St. Louis

RULE & SONS CO., Agents, Suite 223, Pacific Electric Bldg.

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#### American Central of St. Louis

Capital, \$2,000,000. Surplus, \$3,143,518

WATTS HAMMOND, Agent, Mer. Tr. Bldg.

#### California of San Francisco.

SAM BEHRENDT, Agent, Byrne Bldg.

Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, .....

#### Colonial Fire Underwriters of Hartford

242-3-4 Douglas Bldg.

LOUIS UNDERWRITERS AGENCY, Agents,  
Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$2,000,000.

#### Glen's Falls of Glen's Falls, N. Y.

Capital, \$200,000. Surplus, \$2,493,183.

PAYNE, SMITH & BROCK CO., Agents 309  
W. Second.

#### Insurance Company of North America of Philadelphia.

Capital, \$3,000,000. Surplus, \$3,600,000.

BONYNGE GIRDLESTONE & CO., Agents,  
121½ S. Broadway.

#### Law Union & Crown of London.

Capital, \$1,866,800. Surplus, \$557,683.

PAYNE, SMITH & BROCK CO., Agents, 309  
W. Second.

#### Liverpool & London & Globe of London.

Capital, \$1,228,200. Surplus, \$16,016,155.

Deposited in U. S. for benefit of U. S. policy  
holders, \$12,800,000.

C. E. GILLON, Agent, 212 Laughlin Bldg.

#### Michigan of Detroit.

Capital, \$400,000. Surplus, \$892,974.

E. J. LOUIS, Agent, Douglas Bldg.

#### North British & Mercantile of Edinburgh.

Capital, \$15,000,000. Surplus, \$12,700,000.

Deposited in U. S. for benefit of U. S. policy  
holders, \$5,900,000.

THOMAS H. HASTINGS, Agent, Braly Bldg.

#### Northern of London.

Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus, \$8,757,080.

WRIGHT & CALLENDER CO., Agents, 319-323

S. Hill Street.

FRANK E. WALSH, Agent, Wilcox Block.

#### Queen of America.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$3,722,651.

PURCELL & KERN, Agents, 380 H. W. Hell-  
man Bldg.

#### Royal of Liverpool.

Capital, \$1,595,435. Surplus, \$11,017,968.

WALTER J. WREN, Agent, Laughlin Bldg.

#### St. Paul Fire and Marine of St. Paul.

Capital, \$500,000. Surplus, \$1,315,877.

WATTS HAMMOND, Agent, Mer. Trust Bldg.

#### Teutonia of New Orleans.

Capital, \$250,000. Surplus, \$511,612.

PURCELL & KERN, Agents, 330 H. W. Hell-  
man Bldg. (Also agents of the Queen.)

#### Western Assurance of Toronto.

Capital, \$2,000,000. Surplus, \$2,400,000.

#### North British & Mercantile of Edinburgh.

E. L. BLANCHARD, Agent, 301 Mason Opera  
House.

#### British America of Toronto.

Capital, \$543,612. Surplus, \$496,403.

R. B. STEPHENS, Agent, Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg.

#### Connecticut of Hartford.

Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus, \$1,693,973.

R. B. STEPHENS, Agent, Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg.

#### Home of New York.

Capital, \$3,000,000. Surplus, \$8,720,501.

BONYNGE, GIRDLESTONE & CO., Agents,  
121½ S. Broadway.

R. B. STEPHENS, Agent, Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg.

#### Niagara of New York.

Capital, \$500,000. Surplus, \$1,810,455.

R. B. STEPHENS, Agent, Am. Nat'l Bank Bldg.  
JOHN G. JOHNSTON, Agent, Trust Bldg.

agers which promise to become tangible very soon. The trend of all these projects is to the southwest. Harry Wyatt and Klaw & Erlanger will have to get into the procession very soon, for the Mason is now the most inconvenient and out-of-the-way theater in the city. In a few years it will have become impossible.

#### Dearth of Attractions.

Just where the theater-goers of Los Angeles are to be benefitted by the building of more theaters I cannot exactly understand. Mr. Morosco's announcement would tend to the belief that the anti-syndicate attractions will be sent across the continent to entertain Los Angeles play lovers. These are the attractions controlled by the Shuberts, David Belasco, Harrison Grey Fiske and Walter Lawrence. Inasmuch as this ambitious little syndicate has not been able to keep their own Eastern houses filled for even a season of thirty weeks, it is rather hard to see how it will be possible to ship their attractions away out to Southern California with no stopping places nearer than Kansas City, for just at present, anyway, Denver and Salt Lake City are both closed to the little theatrical syndicate. During the last few months the Shuberts and their allied interests have been compelled to resort to vaudeville bills in order to keep their Eastern houses open. Even such an important city as Washington has had to put up with vaudeville bills in the anti-syndicate house in the Capital city. Manager Harry Wyatt of the Mason is constantly complaining that the big syndicate is not able to keep his house open for more than twenty-five weeks a year—and some of the things the grown-up syndicate sent here are very much akin to those acidulous things known as lemons. So if the Klaw & Erlanger aggregation cannot do better for Los Angeles in the future than they have in the past, won't some kind person with a head for intricate problems be good enough to figure out for me just what relief in a theatrical way, local play-goers may expect with the addition of any number of new theaters in this city.

It will be a matter of surprise, in view of the phenomenal success scored by Contractor Nelson in recently breaking the record between San Francisco and this city in his Columbia car, to hear that the Middleton Motor Car Company, which handles this machine and the Autocar, has decided to close up their business at this end of the State. San Francisco, Portland, Oregon and Seattle will in future be the nucleus of their Pacific Coast representation. Some satisfaction, however, is assured from the fact that it is mooted that their popular agent, Mr. Gouty, will remain and handle a new line. It is not going too far to say that much of the late success scored at the auto show was due to Manager Gouty's and his associate's efforts, who formed the committee having the details in charge.

#### Down and Out Sessions.

The Down and Out Club is the most exclusive organization in the city. You don't require much of any money to become eligible, but you must have brains and have some entertaining quality. It is composed of actors and newspaper writers exclusively, all others being admitted only as the "Common People" section. The club meets every Sunday night at The Bohemian, on Main street, and the "Common People" are always liberally provided with lemons. This is where the Ferris, the Belasco and the Burbank actors fraternize and safely hammer the managers and each other. Howard Scott and Harry Me-



stayer at present tie on the record for long-distance hammer throwing.

#### Jack Barrymore.

Apropos of actors, what a pitiable spectacle of contempt "Handsome" Jack Barrymore makes in the Thaw trial, where he permits himself to be used as a rack on which a heart-broken woman's sensibilities are further tortured. Mr. Barrymore has evidently assumed for all time the distinctive position of a man who "tells" about women. It is possible for an actor to be a gentleman, but it is also apparently possible for an actor to be a bigger blackguard than any other sort of man when he tries.

#### Cline Has a Rival.

"Svengali" Cline of the Herald, has a rival. Organist Kiney of the Auditorium has the same whiskers and Christly cast of countenance. Either is about as far from being "Svengali like" or the other resemblance, for that matter, as a man can be and wear such whiskers.

#### Julian Johnson's Dictum.

My! My! Master Julian Johnson of the Times has written it. Henry Arthur Jones does not write good plays, and "The Masqueraders" is rather this, that and the other. Isn't Julian the brave boy!

#### McCutchen the Right Man.

I am glad to chronicle the election of A. B. McCutchen as president of the Sunset Club. Mr. McCutchen combines both the solemn and gay tendencies of the club in a most happy manner, and will be most charmingly radically conservative in his administration.

#### "Came Far to Worship."

One among the many ardent Bryanites to be found around the festal board at the Bryan banquet, Tuesday evening, was Judge Glidden, a prominent corporation lawyer of Tucson, Ariz. During the campaign of 1896 Judge Glidden, then a resident of Big Rapids, Mich., "stumped" the north peninsula for Bryan, and he delights in relating his experiences at that time, dwelling particularly on how the

employés of the Calumet and Hecla and Mesaba Range mines, controlled by Mark Hanna, were compelled virtually to cast their votes for the Republican nominee or be thrown out of work on the "bluff notice" posted at the mouth of each mine to the effect that the mine would be shut down indefinitely if Bryan was elected. For the past six years Judge Glidden has resided in Tucson and is heavily interested in several valuable mining properties.

#### Bill Board Nuisance.

Mrs. Alice F. Kanst and her club associates have so far progressed with their anti-billboard campaign that the city authorities are in a fair way to pass an ordinance so to tax billboards that these obnoxious eyesores will yield \$50,000 a year in revenue. Good! There is just one word of caution to be added, and that is that the Supreme Court of California has decided, in one case, that it is not possible for a municipality to fix the rate of license so high that it will be prohibitive. In other words, the courts have held that an objectionable business cannot be licensed out of business. I am not prepared to say that \$50,000 a year is an unreasonable sum for the billboard men to pay; but to avoid trouble with the courts, the municipal authorities should investigate this before fixing a license rate that will be prohibitive. And it is significant that would-be office holders have already parcelled out the jobs to be created when billboard licensing goes into effect.

#### Edson's Vast Smile.

Schumann-Heink left Charles F. Edson nearly hysterical with satisfaction at her judgment of his songs. Mr. Edson has a musical setting for "Mother Mine" that has attracted wide commendation from his friends. He submitted this song to Mine. Schumann-Heink when she was here last week, and she at once accepted it, pronouncing it as "most beautiful." She took several other compositions by Mr. Edson and had him make her a list of American songs which she will use in her next concert.

#### One Good Fellow.

Reverting to Mme. Schumann-Heink, I sat near to her at the Gamut Club reception, and I assure you that I never saw a better fellow than was the songstress. She entered into the spirit of the affair with all the gaiety and much of the freedom of a young man, making her good spirits infectious. And she could get to the bottom of a stein as quickly as any of the men. If there were more women of her breadth of view, not to say of person, the ratio of divorces would largely decrease. Schumann-Heink could charm the average man into being a model husband, but if she failed in that, she could easily put him over her knee and spank him into being a good boy. I believe that is the sort of wife that most men need.

#### General Otis III.

Gen. Otis's friends are really alarmed over his continued illness, which has thus far prevented him from attending to his ordinary labors at the corner of First and Broadway. The General has not been himself since his invasion of the Orient with The Times specially and personally directed excursion to the Rubicon. It was thought that with his return to Los Angeles the Otis health would show an improvement, but people who have called at the Times office in quest of the General have been informed that he is "at home and won't be down today." I know of one business man who has persistently called at the

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Times office for over six weeks, anxious for a heart-to-heart chat with Gen. Otis, and he has been greeted by the same words each morning. I am very reliably informed that the General is under the constant attendance of a trained nurse, and that instead of showing an inclination to rally he steadfastly refuses to improve. All of which is to be greatly deplored, for while I am no personal admirer of the Otisian business methods—which are the methods of the gentleman who works with a sand bag—I cannot help but marvel at the remarkable work accomplished by this indomitable man, who does not even use his own front name when he signs his correspondence.

#### Times Profits.

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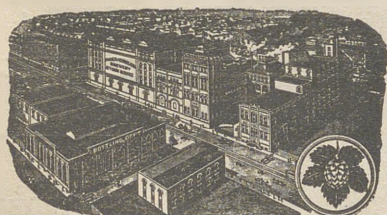
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chief owner thereof—and that opinion is likely to be exceedingly unfavorable—there is no doubt that the Times today is one of the real good things in the Southwest. The Times plant, I should hazard at a rough guess, is worth perhaps half a million dollars. That is to say that the presses, linotype machines, stereotyping apparatus and the like cost approximately that much. The company is capitalized at \$960,000, with none for sale at any price. Laymen recently have understood that the company declared about 25 per cent. in last year, the Times's fiscal year closing October 1. That would make its dividends \$240,000. This is far from the truth. I have it on definite information that the Times cleared nearly \$500,000 in the year named. The exact figure is something between \$496,000 and \$497,000. Too bad about that missing \$3,000 needed to bring it to the \$500,000 mark! No wonder there isn't any stock to be had. No wonder the public has no idea as to its actual ownership. On this point, however, I can shed a little light. The Otis-Chandler interests have approximately 70 per cent. of the stock. Albert McFarland, hale, hearty and fit at 83 years of age, owns the bulk of the remainder. The Farmers' & Merchants' National Bank has a small slice which came through the various operations of Henry J. Fleishman. Three of the employees of the paper—possibly more—have small holdings. These owners are F. X. Pfaffinger, the cashier; N. E. Johnston, the man who runs the Printing and Binding House (the Times always capitalizes these words, and so will I), and the third small holder is Andrews, managing editor and Mean Man from Maine. Again I capitalize, this time for emphasis.

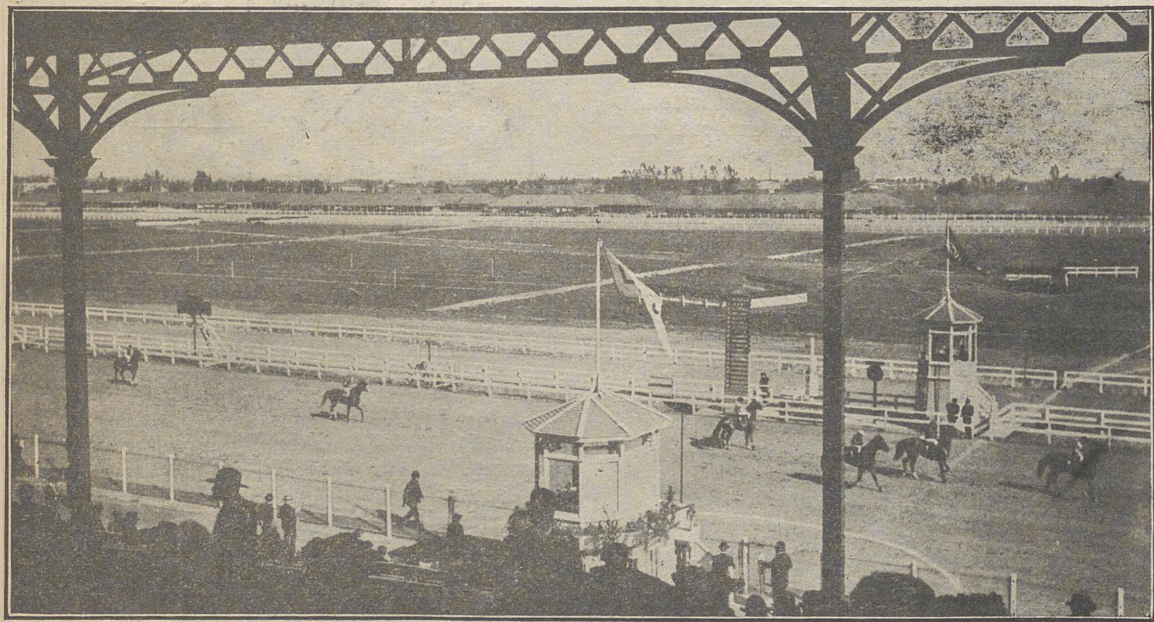
#### Woman the Issue.

Yachtsmen of the South Coast Yacht Club are removing their tarry ducks and other valuables to the new clubhouse. But at the first meeting, which has been called for February 9, some noonday heat may be perceptible far into the night. The question of elections

and club management has been gathering in eruptive force for months. On that night a variety of personal animosities will coruscate around the ballot-box. The point at issue seems to be this: Shall the S. C. Y. C. be a man's club or a woman's club, or both? Different tickets of officials have been proposed. The present Commodore, H. H. Sinclair, does not consent again to stand for election; so that the contest is solely as to the new officers and the ideas they represent. A prominent member and worker for ticket No. 1 expressed his views in this way: "If John Smith (fictitious name) is elected commodore, then Mrs. John Smith will practically own the club, and all the other wives whose husbands own yachts, or have the chance to get out on other people's yachts, will band together and arrange matters to suit themselves, and at any hour of the day or night you can never do a thing till you first note whether or not some petticoat is taking notes, or perhaps a camera snapshot. This is a man's club, and I propose to keep it so. This kick has been gradual, and it did not really come to a climax till we proposed to have one cruise to ourselves. The picnic trip to the Isthmus was announced in the papers as a stag party, and for the express purpose of keeping the women out of it. And what do you think they did? The women so influenced their husbands that at least three of our best boats sailed with full crews and also the wives and their guests to Avalon. Some of our members who are good company were on those boats, and our stag party was much damaged, and solely by the influence of the women."

#### Woman's Champions.

In effect the remarks about ticket No. 2 are like this: "The present movement seems to be a kind endeavor to prevent husbands from being too much influenced by their wives: but to tell the truth I need all the good influence my wife can give. And what do you suppose I belong to that club for? This question has been thrashed out in many big clubs, all of which have large accommodations for respectable occupation by respectable people. And who could be more respectable than the wives of the members? These accommodations are built for the express purpose of making money for the club, so that while a member entertains his friends in a pleasant waterside place, the club can make something and supply what people want. Besides, there are many trips on which the wind may fail, and guests cannot reach land in time to get back to the city. I belong to that club solely for the advantages it gives me—the purposes, in fact, for which the clubhouse was built. I have a bathing suit which I don't mind using, and I have no wish to come back naked into the clubhouse in the evening. I have no wish to get drunk and smash the internal fixtures. Of course, nobody in our club has tastes of this kind. But such things have been known in other clubs, and I have a sort of an idea that men are not at their best when they insist upon conditions in which all idea of restraint is removed. In any case, I put the club to its intended uses, and if any members object to our wives sail-

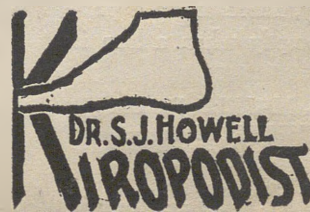


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ing with us, let them get out and start a liberty hall for themselves."

The Palette Club meeting was held in the School of Art and Design, on Tuesday afternoon, when some twenty sketches on the subject, "California Street Scenes," were submitted. Mr. Bissell, a Boston artist, was requested to act as critic, which he did in an able and friendly manner, very pleasing and instructive to the students—the more so as he consented to show some thirty of his own sketches, explaining his motive and methods. The Rev. B. Hartley, an art lover, gave a few words of cheer to the students. The same subject—California Street Scenes—will be the theme for the meeting February 28.

#### To Some Anxious Correspondents.

*Truth Seeker.*—No, all those Southern Pacific employes you see at the Arcade depot are not Mormons. Yes, it is true that they do come from Salt Lake City. This, however, is only for the good of the service, done by Supt. Platt, who finds that the only railway men grow in Salt Lake. Californians who have been in the service of the Southern Pacific all their lives are found by Mr. Platt unsuitable. He will have the road properly manned if it takes every jerkwater section man in Utah to fill up the pay-roll.

*Ex-Burglar.*—You were foolish to blow open the safe of the Black Diamond Coal Company, when you knew they could not have had more than ten pounds of coal in the cash box. You had better try the safe-deposit boxes of the banks. I know of several persons who have removed their family plate and jewels from their safe-deposit boxes in order to keep their coal where moth would not corrupt nor neighbors borrow.

*The Physiogomist.*—Yes, that is Mayor Harper's real face that he is wearing. You are right in saying that it does not look like

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the face he wore before he was elected, but neither is he the same man. He was happy when you saw him before election. Now he confines his joy to reviewing those days that were happy. Next week J. Marion Brooks will give him some advice. Watch his face then.

*Colonel William Jennings Bryan.*—You are unquestionably correct. No other city in the world has such a set of Democrats as Nathan Cole, Capt. Cake and A. D. Warner. I can understand your surprise and concern.

*Superfluous Baby.*—The only solution I can offer is to have your mother take you to the Auditorium and check you in the baby-room and forget you. Mr. Ferris will surely adopt you.

P. S.: By the way, are you white?

Provincial! Countryfied! That is what is the matter with the fashionable cafés of the city. As surely as the clock nears midnight the waiters begin to hustle about your table and indicate in every possible manner that you are expected to leave to suit their convenience. And if you happen to be late and enter one of these resorts after midnight, your reception is such as to prevent your wishing to repeat the call. As the street railway company has the late car service, it would seem that the waiters and chefs might be paid enough extra to make the night owls comfortable. It is not calculated to make patrons feel amiable when a waiter snatches away your plate before you have finished your meal. Loosen up, you resorts of the rich and the late.

#### Cheer Up!

Cheer up, Mr. Los Angelean, there is a slight chance that the street car motormen will be brought to a realization of the fact that the people who wait on street corners for a car, only to see the juggernaut whiz by with a leering motorman and a snickering conductor are to have their innings. The proposed ordinance for the regulation of trolley traffic includes a clause imposing a good strong penalty for a motorman who does not stop his car when signalled by a prospective passenger. Perhaps the common people are coming into some little portion of their own, after all, and perhaps these crews of the street railroads will take notice of the fact when compelled by councilmanic enactment. Hooroo!

#### Shannon's Unique Record.

Charles Shannon is an Arizonan who has reversed all frontier form with marked success. He is now living here in elegant leisure, mixing up occasionally in a mining deal for entertainment. He has lived the greater portion of his life in Arizona, associating with all the flotsam and jetsam of humanity that made the territory their stamping ground in the early days, and he wrested a large fortune from adverse conditions. That is not extraordinary in Arizona, but he did all of this without ever taking a drink, without holding a hand at poker or sticking a stack of chips on the red or black, in fact without even winning some notches on the grip of a six-shooter, for he never carried a gun. One reason for this singularity of life was that Mr. Shannon was educated for the ministry, but was switched over to a commercial life before he was tonsured.

"I've fallen off ten pounds since this cough began."  
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## Santa Fe

lands and Riverside for viewing the beautiful scenes of these two places, and then the train returns to Los Angeles via a different route, arriving at 6:20 p. m. The trip is worthy of several days to enjoy fully the 166 miles of varied scenery, and in order to allow time for stopovers the tickets are made good for eight days, round trip \$9.00. For further information and a beautiful souvenir of the trip, call upon or write E. W. McGee, 334 So. Spring St. Los Angeles.

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## A Paradise for Sportsmen.

I happened to meet Ed Duffy, the other day, and had a long and interesting chat with him. Duffy was the captain of the Orient during the recent Dora Bennis expedition of Examiner fame, and he had much to say of the country visited during the expedition. "From a little below Ensenada as far south as San Quintin," he said, "there runs a range of mountains known as the San Pedro mountains. I have never explored them myself, but I was told that they are well wooded and, in summer time, clouds collect around the peaks every afternoon and condense into a thunder shower. This supply of moisture keeps the slopes green, and the game is consequently very plentiful. Deer, mountain sheep, wild goats are there in flocks, and there are enough mountain lions to make it worth while to carry a .30-30. We passed this range of mountains on a sunny day, and the higher slopes were snow-clad, the foothills and valleys leading down to the shore were showing the first signs of spring verdure, and it was a sight to make any kind of a gunner long to go ashore and kill something."

## Ducks and Abalones.

"As for ducks," continued the captain, "At San Quintin there is a lagoon famed for its duck shooting. There are several English sportsmen who are connected with the Lower California Development Company, a British corporation, who come out nearly every season for the duck hunting. Some ten miles from San Quintin there is a small island known as San Martin, one of the greatest places for abalones on the coast. Fun hunting for abalones? Well, I should say so. Of course it is not like shooting game, but there is an excitement in this form of sport that is lacking in any kind of hunting, because some very valuable pearls are found occasionally in the shells of these mollusks. When the tide is extra low the abalone hunter climbs over the rocks, near the water's edge, and looks in every nook and cranny for the big ones. The small abalones, with the black skin, are no good for eating and never contain pearls, but the large dingy yellow and brown ones are liable to contain pearls, and, if not, they are delicious when cooked properly. The only way to separate an abalone from the rock to which it hangs is to use a small crow-bar as a lever and pry it off. After this is done it is easy to see whether there is a pearl inside or not, and the abalone can either be thrown into the sack or left to take care of itself, according to its size and color. Yet abalone hunting is a healthy exercise at any rate, and sometimes it is very profitable."

## Harpooning Turtles.

"There is another form of sport down there that is exciting enough," continued the sailor man, "and that is harpooning turtles. Down in Turtle Bay there are hundreds of these animals. The way to catch them is to row around in a small boat in shoal water with a harpoon. When a turtle is sighted you hurl the harpoon into its back and draw it to the surface and lift it on board. Some of those Mexicans get to be very expert, and one man I met is said to be able to get his turtle in three fathoms of water. Turtle soup is all very well, but to enjoy turtle meat as a real delicacy it should be cooked in the real Mexican style. The body is removed from the shell in such a way as to leave about three inches of meat clinging to the shell. This is the tenderest part. The shell is then stood on end in front of a bright fire. It is left to roast for about half an hour and then laid over

the fire with the meat uppermost. The cook then makes long incisions in the meat and puts in the "trimmings." The shell is left over the fire until the onions, very necessary, are well browned, and then everybody helps himself. Yes, sir; wait till I get a nice fat turtle and I will show you how it is done."

## A Great Coast for Yachting.

"How about anchorage for yachts?" I asked. "In summer time," he replied, "there is no finer coast for yachting that I know of. While there are few land-locked harbors or lagoons, there are rocky points every ten or twenty miles behind which a boat can anchor safely except when there is liable to be a blow from the southeast or southwest, which never happens between June and October. The northwesterly wind blows fairly hard during the day, but invariably drops with the sun, so that a good sea boat is in no danger. It is a wonder to me that our yachtsmen, with one or two exceptions, never go farther south than San Diego. The Mexican officials are slow but courteous, and there is no objection to a bona fide yacht cruising in those waters. A party of yachtsmen with a good boat could have no more enjoyable trip than a two weeks' cruise off the coast of Lower California."

Not long ago an old rounder accosted George W. Burton, of the Times, with "An educated Englishman like you should—" "Hold on, now; haven't I told you many a time that I was not an Englishman? I was born further from England than any other man in Los Angeles!" "Further from England—where, pray?" "In Ireland."

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## Deborah's Diary

### Harris Explains Things.

Uncle Josephus was a little bit scared to let me go to the Woman's Club House, on Monday, to hear the lecture on the "Tendency of the Modern Drama," given by Mr. Elmer B. Harris, the apostle of Ibsen and friend of Bernard Shaw. Mr. Harris was reported to Uncle Jo to be so very advanced in his views, and so very good-looking, that he might prove a dangerous combination for anyone so young and unsophisticated as poor little Deborah. However, he yielded at last, and I'm ever so glad he did, because I learned a whole lot of new ideas, and my head is a bit "woozy" even now with trying to oust the old ones. Uncle Josephus thought that perhaps Mr. Harris's lecture would be immoral, but it was no such thing; it was strictly moral, only he showed us a new way of handling these trying and tiresome things known as morals, which was no end interesting.

He was talking about "Candida," Bernard Shaw's heroine, you know, and he managed to prove through her how strictly immoral it is to live as a drudge with your own husband, when you had found an affinity in some one else. I like that, because it would be quite easy to find an affinity and discover that you were living an immoral life every time you had to peel an onion or turn on the gas heater. He called the reverend husband of Candida a "blubbery baby" because he expected her to do his household work and keep on loving him just the same. How could she, with the

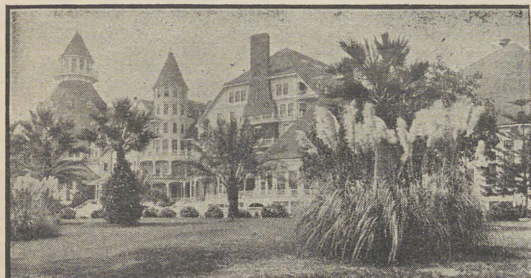
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anaemic poet on the parlor sofa waiting to be understood?

Well, it was a fine lecture, full of wit and epigram and very brightly and originally delivered. He discussed everything, from the hooks and eyes on Mrs. Patrick Campbell's gown to the ethics of Christian Science. I couldn't tell Uncle Josephus about it, because he said so much in so little time, but I gathered that most modern marriages are "conventionally immoral," and that it will be the duty of the coming era on the stage to prove the fact to us. We will have to reach through the "realm of the soul empire," get on to Spiritual Unity, and then arrive at a really happy institution—not a ceremony—and we will be in the Third Empire. Do you understand, dear diary? I don't, but I know it is something very clever and advanced, and I must be very ignorant not to be able to analyze it.

Mr. Harris told some little anecdotes about the well-known actors and actresses, whom he seems to have known both at home and abroad. One told to him by Ellen Terry was funny. An ignorant stranger arriving in Stratford-on-Avon asked of an octogenarian resident, "Who is this Shakespeare they are all talking about here? There's Shakespeare cakes and Shakespeare pies, and I even saw a drove of sheep marked with a Shakespeare brand. Who was the guy that lived in the bum little cottage yonder?" To which the ancient replied: "Shakespeare? Well, I believe he writ." "What did he write? I never heard of him." "I believe he writ for the Bible!" was the answer. It was well worth the dollar per to hear Mr. Harris. He said such original things, if I could but think of them. "Love," he said, "is a most precious thing, but it doesn't come like a marriage license." His comparison between Ibsen and Bernard Shaw was very good, I thought. "Ibsen," he said, "never allows you to remember Ibsen, while Shaw never allows you to forget Shaw. Hence some of the critics often spell his name with a P." Mr. Harris discussed the merits of Stephen Phillips, Pinero—his criticism of The Second Mrs. Tanqueray was clever in that he said Mrs. Tanqueray's husband did not really love her, but only thought he did, using her as a sort of nervous tonic—Bjornson, Tolstoy and many others. Of course the lecture was vitally interesting to the women present, as nothing draws like a lecture or discussion on the eternal sex question; which, however, is too deep for me, and I only know that, to quote his own words, Mr. Harris handled it "with the dignity it deserves." After all, dear diary, as Mr. Harris says: "Morals are merely geographical," so what does it matter?

The club house was partly filled with Los Angeles devotees of the stage. It was a pretty sight to see our charming maids and matrons—at the informal reception after the lecture—hanging on the words and explanations of the handsome young apostle of the "Third Empire." They fairly gurgled round him and went home with a delightful feeling of "Spiritual Unity"; but somehow I don't believe their husbands enjoyed their dinners that night, and nary a button will they get on their waistcoats for a long time to come, or I miss my guess. Pshaw!

### Weather for Golf.

This is the weather for the golf links, and at last they will see a number of devotees vigorously driving o'er bunker and ditch for a chance at the President's cup, which is now in course of competition. The four week's rain rather called a halt on sport, but apparently failed to dampen the ardor of the golfers, as I understand there is to be a right

## SOPHY OF KRAVONIA

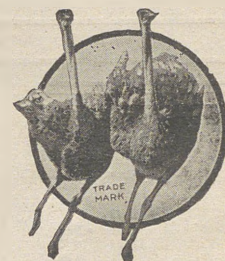
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#### Lees on the Links.

Talking of golf, I saw a charming bit of life on the links a week or two ago. On a bench near a bunker sat a beautifully gowned young woman, in brown and saffrons, watching with breathless interest a slender "male man" dressed in white linens, essay to drive over a yawning canyon. When he cleared it like a bird, the pretty woman clapped her hands, and her big eyes danced with joy, while the driver jumped a foot in the ecstasy of success. Upon inquiry of my ubiquitous caddy, I was delighted to hear that they were none other than the Reverend and Mrs. Baker P. Lee. I don't know why, but I found myself still smiling, even when my ball went into the oily water; but the meadow larks laughed, too, whether at me, or because they approved also

of a stalwart sportsmanlike Christian. One always thinks of a clergyman as of something musty and mawkish, given over to much preaching and weak tea, and of his wife as a dowdy with ready-made clothes, carrying a perpetual "parish bag" with a chastened smile. Well, I wonder who "tailors" for Mrs. Baker P. Lee. That's all I should like to know.

#### Bridge.

One of the big society functions of the season was the "combination" bridge party given by Mrs. Othman Stevens, of 936 Twentieth street, and Mrs. Sumner Hunt, of 2645 Severance street. The first day's play at the popular game was held on Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of the former, while Friday was selected by Mrs. Hunt for the second half. Dainty silver prizes were eagerly contested for at each table, and delightful refreshments served in the same manner. Both Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Stevens are admirable and popular hostesses, and the affair was voted an immense success. The invited guests present were Mes, Alan Balch, M. C. Kinney, Frank Thomas, E. A. Silent, Randolph Miner, J. C. Drake, C. C. Parker, Lombard, R. H. Hay Chapman, F. K. Rule, Connolly, Lovett, Norton, Bryant, West Hughes, E. T. Earl, Thompson, Longstreet, Hicks, Garland, Crutcher, Bodeman, Trask, McKinley, Lynn Helm, Scott Helm, Joe Banning, Hancock Banning, Fleming, T. F. Jones, Griffilli, Von Schmidt, Jack Foster, Walter Cline, Gibbon, Dunn, Bishop, Hobbes, Holterhoff, Clark, Barham, Leary, Peck, Jones, Tolhurst, Connell, O'Melveny, Stimson, Herron, Holland, MacGowan, Halstead, Shannon, Perkins, Mackay, Carpenter, Meyler, Jaynes, Robinson, Friesley, McFarland, Hervey.

#### Knight's Ball.

Over four hundred Knights of Columbus and their wives, sweethearts and sisters, attended the annual ball of the organization, which was held in Levy's great ball-room, on the third floor, Monday evening. Miss Forman was given carte blanche in providing the decorations; Levy was given free rein with the supper, and the committee in charge, headed by W. E. Gilbert, spared no effort to make the ball what it was—one of the most brilliant of the social season. Features of the affair were a splendid address by that splendid prelate, Bishop Conaty, and the presentation of a life membership in the order to W. E. Hampton. My friend, Mr. Henry Daly, says the ball was without doubt one of the most brilliant of the year, and he ought to know, for he goes to everything. Certain it is that invitations to the next annual function of the Knights will be at a premium.

#### To Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barker and their two handsome sons left for an extended tour through Europe last Sunday. Everyone will miss genial "Al" Barker, who they say is better at a pun than a "put," and his pretty little golden-haired wife, who, perhaps, of all the young matrons here, is most popular. She bears the unique reputation of never having been heard to say an unkind word—not even by a nod or wink—to hurt anyone's character, during her long residence in Los Angeles society.

#### A Musical Tragedy.

Not long ago or far away, a number of people had a jolly supper. They were musical—at least they sang something like "do, re, mi, fa!" At two in the morning a member left, but returned, *poco agitato*, to find something

he had left. He may have been a little off the key. Instead of being in *Tempo I*, he moved *Tempo con Spirito*—that is certain. The member found, at last, some steps. They were not the right steps. They proved to be *molto capriccioso*. He presently entered a wide, brightly lighted hall. He opened, *ad libitum*, a door. In doing so he pulled, inadvertently, the *tremolo* stop, and he was asked, *pianissimo pathetique*, to state his business there. He answered, *allegro parlando*, that he "wanted his rubbers." Then, sitting on the floor in the hall, he gave a charming *pastorale*. It was rendered with great abandon and charm. In the next movement the tempo changed. It was a wild melody, given *risoluto* and *fortissimo* with great power. The bewildering arpeggios were executed *con bravura*, with a marvelous exhibition of technique, on three banks of stairs—front, back and third floor. The audience was disappointed only in the failure of the artiste to use the fire-escape. Following this, a difficult movement was executed 8 vo. Its full effect can be understood only by those who heard it. The climax was superb, the *Vox Humana* adding its charm to the unusual and tremendous *ensemble*. As it drew to a close the change of *motif* became beautifully apparent. "Where is the door?" being given with great brilliance. Then, *con delicatezza*, came a *cadenza*, down two flights of stairs. On three floors the bath-robed and be-slipped inhabitants were lingering behind bolted doors (such was the exclusiveness of the affair) for the Finale. As the whole performance was impromptu, there were no programs. And so it happened that the last number, performed in the lower hall, was recognized by some as the "Spinning Song" from "The Flying Dutchman," while by others it was said to be that favorite "Hunting Song" of Mendelssohn's. By still others it was thought to be a well-known Scherzo. This much is certain—that it was nowhere *religioso* or *amoroso*. Some are convinced that this much-discussed number was really one of the most famous and best-loved Nocturnes. Whether one of Chopin's, however, still remains in doubt, as there is evidence of a sort conclusive to many that it was either a Schlitz or an Anheuser-Busch program throughout.

#### Kennedy-Thompson.

The report which comes from the Hub to the effect that Mrs. Maravene Kennedy, formerly of Los Angeles, will marry Clarence B. Thompson has occasioned no surprise among those who knew Mrs. Kennedy a year or two ago, when she was in this city. The paragraph which comes over the wire states that Thompson was formerly a minister, but is such is the case it is news in these parts. Thompson is quite a youth while Mrs. Kennedy is his senior by some years. He is an easy-going plays the piano in an indifferent sort of manner. He had a disposition to play his own compositions, but those that I heard were not the fruit of inspiration. Mrs. Kennedy had ambitions to write fiction and achieved the satisfaction of seeing several of her short stories in print. One of these, styled "The Right Woman," is said to have been decidedly meritorious. For some months she lived in the old Creede home on Figueroa street, near Sixth, and one of the conspicuous adornments of the room she called her study was a grinning skull—"living faces are mostly sad, only dead men's skulls are glad"—in close proximity to a bright red square of cardboard upon which was emblazoned one word: "Live!" Mrs. Kennedy once made a speech at a dinner given by the grazers in literary pastures

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which rather startled the more reserved members of her sex, charged as it was with sentiments regarding the "deeper springs of love." The charge that added interest to the report from Boston was also hinted at while the young man was in Los Angeles.

#### Mrs. Strobbridge About.

Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobbridge is about again after the severe accident which confined her to her room for some time. Mrs. Strobbridge fell from a high step in a swoon and suffered a painful sprain which still causes her considerable discomfort.

#### Paw Cussed.

On Burlington avenue, I shall not say in which particular block, lives a woman whose social aspirations are well known among the neighbors and in a large club with which she fraternizes—there ought to be a feminine form to that word—Madame X—would be dignified, precise and slightly patronizing if her environment did not give a humorous tinge to her attitude. Illustrative of the difficulties under which Madame X—labors I quote a little incident which took place last week and which caused a ripple of laughter in the neighborhood for several blocks around. The bill collector came when Mr. X—, a well-known attorney of the bluff sort, was out of town. He was told to call the next day, when the head of the household would be at home. He returned the following evening at dinner time. The elder son of the family—a lad of about 16—disappeared to take the bill to father, and the younger one—11 years of age—drew his playmate to the front door, whispering with sparkling eyes, "Listen, Tom, listen, now, and hear paw cuss!"

#### Man is Helpless.

The futile efforts of mere man to describe a woman's costume are again illustrated in the Thaw case. I was much amused during the week to read the elaborate accounts of the Eastern correspondents for the several papers, the accounts in which were related all the symptoms displayed by the various members of the Thaw clan and in which attempts were also made to describe the gowning of the women. The small Thaw person who stirred up the mess has been described as wearing "the same gray dress with hat, veil and furs to match that she has worn in the three previous days," also as "dressed in dark blue

with a white veil," again as "in black with dark furs, dark-blue hat and a black veil." Pasadena folks who saw her at the Hotel Green soon after her marriage, remember her as a small fragile person less than five feet high and weighing less than a hundred pounds, self-satisfied and ribbon-decked. Thaw's identity was discovered in spite of his effort to conceal it by illegible registration. The couple spent a brief few days in these parts and left for the East, via Santa Barbara and the North.

#### Dr. Dillon.

Dr. Edward T. Dillon, who is among the benedicts of the winter, is one of the most popular members of the Knights of Columbus and has been active in promoting the success of the social affairs of this large organization. He is the elder son of the Dillons, who lived for many years at the northwest corner of Seventh and Hill streets, where they later built the flats which now occupy the corner. They have made their residence for several years on Hope street close to the Abbottsford Inn. The family is a pioneer one and holds title to much valuable property. Molly and Nannie Dillon are two very pretty girls distinguished in the social set for unaffected cordiality and sunny dispositions.

#### Good Things in Store.

The Friday Morning Club has plenty of good things in store for the present month. On February 8 Frank G. Tyrrell will make an address on "The Patriotism of Peace." Mr. Tyrrell was closely associated with Gov. Folk in his famous campaign against graft, and knows whereof he speaks. Mrs. Andrew Stewart Lobengier will speak February 15 on "Japanese Prints," illustrating her talk with some exceedingly rare prints.

#### Mrs. Turner's Work.

Mrs. W. W. D. Turner, who has been a widow for some time now, is entering rather actively into the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which is also aided by the unselfish efforts of Mrs. William J. Variel, who is now acting as president. It was this organization, you will remember, that benefited by the assistance of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, during her stay here a little more than a year ago. Mrs. Wilcox appeared at a reception at the home of Mrs. E. L. Doheny, another worker in the cause, and she also consented to be the chief attraction at a program reception which was given one rainy evening in old Hazard's pavilion. On this occasion she wore a fine boa of some odd feathers which she explained were obtained much as ostrich plumes are and without any more pain to the bird. The S. P. C. A. will follow up the success of its recent ball with a dancing party, which is on the calendar for February 2, and the home of Mrs. Turner, on West Adams street, 758, will be the scene of the gaiety.

Although the new modes are generally established and the majority of women are planning and preparing their spring wardrobes, the winter weather keeps in mind the garments more suited to its demands, writes Helen Berkeley-Lloyd in the February Delineator. The dressy gowns required for receptions, dinners, dances and the theater, and the hats and wraps which accompany them, are receiving much attention just now. There is considerable latitude allowed in the lines of the gowns and coats; there is also a wide range of color and diversity in fashionable materials. Princess and Empire lines continue in high favor, and one sees delightfully original combinations of them. Peculiarities of figure and, in certain instance,

## Problem in Bridge—II

Hearts.....J	N	Hearts.....3
Clubs.....7 4	W	Clubs.....5 4 3 2
Diamonds...K 10 9 7	E	Diamonds...8 4
Spades.....J 8	S	Spades....10 9
Hearts.....8		
Clubs.....8		
Diamonds...Q 6		
Spades.....6 5 4 3 2		

—Hearts Trumps; N Leads.

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personal prejudice, bar the way to a general adoption of the loosely flowing Empire modes. This accounts for the fact that the gown with the round, fitted waist and normal belt line has lost none of its vogue. It is altogether too graceful and becoming to be passed by, and it figures in many of the smartest gowns.

### Buzzi's Star Pupil.

If the sanguine prophecy of Signor Pietro Buzzi is realized, Los Angeles will have a soprano upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House within two or three years. At a select little gathering a short time ago the American girl sang the aria from "Aida" before a critical audience composed of Esther Adaberto, Palma, styled the "Melba of the cornet" in little Italy; Ferullo, Campofiore, and other musicians, and the verdict was that she sang it well. When the history of the coming prima donna is written at a future day the press agent will tell how she found her voice. She is a robust girl with a powerful dramatic soprano, but when she first tried to sing, the voice was uncertain and thin. After a little instruction she started to sing with a new method. A strong, round tone swelled on the air, the glass in the chandelier trembled and the singer, overcome at the sound of a discovered voice sank down and wept. The girl is Bessie Bulpin, and I believe she will be allowed a brief appearance in concert before long.

### Richards Sells Again.

Colonel R. D. Richards has sold his handsome home at 2231 Hobart Boulevard, and will build again soon. Colonel and Mrs. Richards, with their daughter, Maude Elizabeth, sold their former home on Hobart Boulevard, a short distance from the one just made over to a New York woman a little more than a year ago. Miss Mathilde Phillips, of Salt Lake City, who was a house guest of Miss Richards early in the fall, is now at the Pickwick, on South Grand avenue, for the remainder of the season. Miss Phillips comes to the coast every year.

### Men Milliners.

Some sentimental writer for the Times gave a pathetic touch to the life history of Billie Dodson, the milliner of El Monte, and in airing Billie's family affairs incidentally gave the artistic designer of fashionable headgear for women of the Monte quite a generous advertisement. The Times writer appeared to think that men hat-makers were necessarily effeminate, but I am sure I do not know why. There is quite as much skill required in designing a stylish chapeau as in building a tailor-made gown, and who thinks that the woman's tailor is effeminate? Not every woman in town knows that there is a very skilful male designer of street and opera hats of every description working now in Los Angeles. He has not been in the city long and came directly from New York, wherefore he is supposed to be particularly "fit," don't you know? Although nearly all the millinery shops in the city are owned and managed by men who do nearly all of the buying for them, I have so far heard of no other man who actually makes fashionable hats. The one I have in mind is not in the least effeminate. He is artistic to his finger tips and is the dictator of style for all the patrons of the shop. Perhaps Lucille, in some of her merry shopping jaunts, will discover him and tell you in which particularly Broadway shop he is to be found. Deborah has allowed herself the extravagance of several hats made by him and has meekly submitted to his positive re-

fusal to put a bell crown where he asserted that a round one ought to be, and with hosts of others has heard without a protest that she has no idea whatever of the proper combination of lace and velvet, steel buckles and plumes and the like.

### Evolution or Revolution—Which?

Elizabeth Cady Stanton has been the subject of many programs in clubs of women recently. Her birth month is November. Mrs. Stanton, from her early childhood, was a student of conditions as well as of books. Her father, Judge Cady, was a man of great ability and learning. When a little girl, Elizabeth spent much time in his office where she heard the pitiful tales of women clients, and often implored her father to do something to relieve their sufferings. She always received the same answer; namely, that the law was against them. One day, in desperation, she asked her father to show her in his books where the cruel laws were. This he did. Later, as her indignation and sympathy increased, she took her scissors and cut all these statutes from his New York Reports, thinking she had thus destroyed the law. This spirit went with her throughout her life. She married happily and raised a large family of children, both boys and girls; yet she found time to use her splendid talents in helping to abolish these objectionable laws for women. In her early married life when she was closely confined at home with her children, she wrote arguments which for logic and force have seldom been equaled. Armed with these Susan B. Anthony would appear before the state legislature. Thus together these two women, at first almost alone, and later with the help of friends, reconstructed property laws for married women, enabling the women of New York state to own their own clothes, their own wages; to become co-guardians with their husbands over their children, etc. Because the New York code is largely followed by other states, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are really responsible for the improved laws existing all over the United States. No wonder women do them honor!

### Sympathy With Suffragettes.

A dispatch from the London Standard to the Brooklyn Eagle says of the "suffragettes": "It is astonishing to find how much sympathy prevails for the eleven women leaders now in prison. Among those who have lately ex-

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pressed this sympathy strongly are Beatrice Harraden, author of 'Ships that Pass in the Night,' and Miss Elizabeth Robins, the American writer. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, wife of the ex-Colonial Secretary, says: 'Either a woman is fit to take her share in the solution of the problem of government, or she is unfit to take charge of the training of her sons.' Mrs. Lyttleton adds that the attitude of some men is like the entry in the Eton boy's diary: 'Got up, had breakfast, talked to mother about things she could not understand.' "

#### Wasp Waists.

A northern journal gives space to a communication from a San Francisco woman in London who writes that the "wasp waist" is decreed by fashion to become popular soon. All of which is mere bosh. Wasp waists will never come into fashion again any more than hoop-skirts will, and the futility of trying to make the sensible modern woman encumber herself with this monstrosity once again was proved not many seasons ago. There is a slow but sure evolution and progress in woman's attire just as surely as there is in legislative provisions, and the wasp waist will return to favor no sooner than trial by jury will be superseded by the old trial by ordeal or combat.

#### Fire of Bridge Criticism.

If anything will ever interfere with the popularity and prosperity of bridge it will be the constant fire of criticism with which so many players are perpetually peppering their partners. I know of half-a-dozen cases where players have permanently retired from the game owing to the criticism to which they were subjected whenever they sat down to

play a rubber. Mind you, these half-a-dozen are not hopelessly bad players; any ordinary hand they can deal with quite intelligently, and is only in really difficult situations that they blunder badly. They play the game, however, primarily for amusement, and their amusement vanishes as soon as they are treated like naughty children in the nursery

#### Still Scrapping.

How these ugly neighborhood fracasas do grow in proportion with each succeeding sunrise! Starting with a contemptible exhibition of jealousy, the row which has disrupted the happy family relations of a block in the West-end is being kept up, just as matters of more worth seemed to be distracting the attention of the scrappers, by the very churchly element of which something better ought to be expected. Strange, isn't it, that bigotry can flourish among the most diligent readers of the charitable doctrines of the Man of Sorrows? Mere secondary questions of creed tore the whole of Europe asunder for centuries and made kings laugh when the fires of Smithfield were lighting up the country. In most cases the fanatics who became martyrs would have sacrificed their judges had the power been in their hands instead, and since the beginning of history men have constantly been endeavoring to ram their creeds down their brothers' throats. One man of the neighborhood in mind who wants to dwell at peace with the world is looking for a residence farther out and will move as soon as possible.

Uncle Josephus has chided me for neglecting to mention Mr. Arend's unusually excellent music at the Assembly last week. Really, dear diary, that music was almost too good; it gave me wicked little thrills in my feet, until I found it almost impossible to refrain from dancing even "between times." Do you know, I believe that you can't really enjoy a dance, no matter whom your partner, unless the music suits your mood. And somehow, Arend's orchestra seems always "to strike the right spot."

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Gentlemen: It really seems almost impossible to get a letter off to you these days—I am so busy. All of the big manufacturers and importers are having their spring exhibitions now, and you know that that means hours every day in the different display rooms. I cannot begin to tell you how beautiful everything is this year. I feel sure your customers are going to be especially pleased with the suits and costumes. I have sent you a few smart tailor-made princess models in several different styles and materials. They are beautifully made and the fit cannot be surpassed by any garment you have ever had. They are perfect, and are all the rage here in New York. There is quite a number of capes being shown both for street and automobiling. They are especially good for the latter, as they can be thrown over a handsome coat without crushing it and are a great protection, too. The dark ones I sent you yesterday are being shown in all the shops on Fifth avenue. Will begin to send opening goods very soon.

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J. J. F.

New York, January 23.

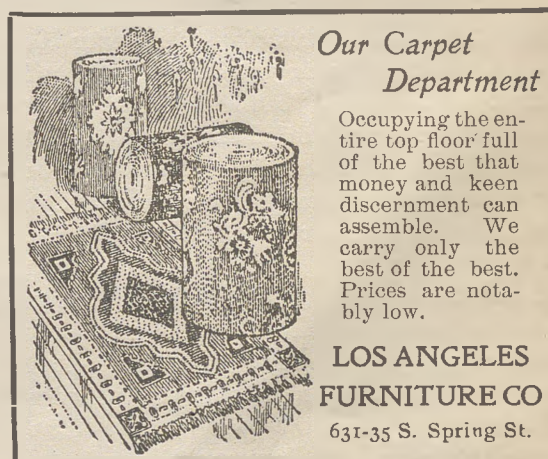
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## Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

"When the first sweet breath of spring wakens Nature into gladness," etc.—You will see this peep of spring done so temptingly and prettily in the millinery department of the Boston Store this week. "Just a beginning," I was told, were the little flower gardens they call hats for the coming season; the sweetest things—all flowers, nothing else—and made in such cunning designs as to fairly puzzle you, if they are not, after all, a really truly bunch of violets or lilacs fresh from the garden. Shaped like an inverted soup-bowl, they are made of finest maline and completely covered either with leaves, buds or full-grown flowers, while by way of a big daring bow comes a monster big rose or other flower of contrasting shade. Nothing can ever be more becoming than flowers for the hair, and when these hatlets or "bouquets" come in the most wonderfully shaded silk and velvet French flowers you can perhaps imagine the effect on a well "done" Marcel head. One beautiful flower hat came in crushed white roses with a long, drooping white ostrich plume. Then again come the French chips in all sorts of bent and twisted shapes, fairly loaded down with flowers. One I saw had five different blossoms, to say nothing of a "shower bouquet" at the back that would be "nuts" to our friend, Paul de Longpré. A few of the very first importations of dress hats—which reads for the ultra smart people—have just been unpacked in the Boston Store. I was generously allowed a "private view," and came away minus an adjective. This season is going to show us some new developments in shades, my dear girl, I can assure you. Who, a few years ago, would have dreamed of the blends which formed the perfect whole that I saw on some of the big feather hats in the Boston Store, yesterday? Can I describe one choice "creation" that seemed especially dear to the fair milliner's heart? Let me see! The enormous hat itself was of pale blue French chip, contorted into some wonderfully becoming shape, no

doubt, but a queer thing to look at otherwise. This was draped with a lavender crêpe scarf, held on with two large plum-headed pins, and drooping from front to back was a shaded blue ostrich plume several feet long and half a foot wide. When I asked: "What do you call a feather when it grows to that size," I wasn't surprised when the maiden demurely answered: "It's known as a lobster." If you want to see the firstlings, then, in novel millinery, go to the second floor of the Boston Store.

The same chirpy feeling of coming spring I discovered at the silk counter at Blackstone's. They were marking off the first shipment of new things for the season, and I enjoyed a peep at them just as much as the waiting salesman, for they are certainly beautiful this year, these new soft silks. One, that I understand "makes especially good" in the East this year, and also abroad, is known as Ruskin silk. The very name, of course, suggests nothing but the most artistic of things. This silk looks almost like a fine Pongee, and comes in that shade, but is not so rough, and has running through it a most beautiful little Jacquard pattern in self-colored flowers—most fascinating stuff and absolutely novel! Then some of the fine taffetas and Louisine silks were in a remarkably new form of plaid. Can't describe it, but the colors are quite beautiful and unevenly distributed as are the stripes and checks running through the silk. The purple violet bobs up serenely through a latticed check, and further on comes a wee forget-me-not. Black and white is going to be very classy this year, and Blackstone's have some exquisite silks in large and small plaids and stripes. I found these new silks come from \$1.25 to \$2 a yard, and are all so lovely it would be passing hard to make a selection.

At Myer Siegel's, this week, I found the excitement over the undermuslin sale was passing out with the garments, and a new interest was in vogue at the opposite counter. This was a selection of beautiful French lingerie—hand-embroidered waists—the daintiest and sheerest of their kind. Fine little flowerets and wreaths, in knot and hand work, are inserted with Valenciennes lace and wonderful little ruffles. A heavy center of bold Cluny lace makes a daring contrast to the fine work surrounding, but in all this season's best French waists comes this sense of delicacy and very chaste, old-fashioned embroidery. Everything opens up the back, still, and the sleeves are once more cuffed at the elbow joint. Some of the sleeves in these lingerie waists at Siegel's were the most attractive part of the garment, cunning peep holes and epaulettes of embroidery making the arm look very chic and attractive. For the first of all charming waists, dear Harriet, I should say, so far, Siegel's is well in the lead.

At Coulter's monster establishment I was given to understand that there was something worth while doing at the dress-goods department, so I went to interview our nice old friend, Mr. Wright. There I was told I could have a plain tailor-made skirt made perfectly free—you know Coulter's have been doing this thing for five years now, and have made no less than 60,000 skirts on that plan alone.

You pay for the findings—75 cents, I believe—and any extra pleating or style; but the seven-gore plain skirt costs you just the price of the material. Now in addition to this old and delightful scheme, Mr. Wright has organized a plan by which you may have an entire suit, jacket and all, made of the same material. Coulter's skirts are so good and satisfactory that a demand for coat to match arises. Well, my dear, you can have it done there for just what it costs to make. I saw a lovely striped tailor-made suit, ready to go out, for \$35—made to order by a tailor—and a man, mind you. For full information on this matter, though, dear girl—and it is really a great find—I should advise you to consult Mr. Wright at the dress goods counter.

At the Ville de Paris, this week, I was shown, as usual, something very delightful and chaste. There they have a new idea for embroidered corset-covers, just evolved. A wide piece of finest batiste comes in length sufficient for a corset-cover, beautifully hand-embroidered and lace inserted at one end, and eyeleted ready for ribbons at the other, all ready to make up. They are marked at from \$2 to \$2.50 a piece, and are simply wonderfully pretty. A corset cover made up ready in this order would be at least \$5, and you know, dearie, it's no trick at all to put together one of those loose lingerie covers. These were so awfully fine and so beautifully embroidered that I suggested their being too good to cover up, but was "put wise" by my fair saleswoman, who said: "Ah, but these things show much more than the waists nowadays; it's underwear that counts in this year of 'modest grace.'" The more bows and ribbons and laces you can pretend to conceal beneath a cobweb waist, the better dressed—or undressed—you are. So, my dear, I should advise your taking a trip to the Ville de Paris. That good store is getting in, this week, all its hand-embroidered robes and lawns, and of all the counters in this fascinating store surely the embroideries are the most attractive. Have you seen those new waists with the wide pleat down the front, Harriet? The Ville has some exquisite English embroidery all ready for the purpose.

Well, "too much is plenty," so adios once more.

Affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street, January thirtieth.

### Lace Curtains: Save Fourth

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## Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo M. Burgwald are at home at 622 South Bonnie Brae street.

Mrs. Hugh L. MacNeil, Miss Marion MacNeil, and Mr. James Slauson have left for Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harris are occupying their new home at 1688 West Twenty-fourth street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. McNally, of 1432 South Burlington avenue have returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. Edmund North, of Nevada, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George North, of 1033 Ingraham street.

Miss Cornelia Baird, of Annapolis, is the guest of Miss Helen Chaffee, of 2316 South Figueroa street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Mull, of Columbus, Ohio, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Crowe, of 1012 West Seventh street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Lee have returned from their wedding trip and are at home at 716 West Twenty-eighth street.

Mrs. J. E. Woolwine and Miss Frances Woolwine, of New York, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Woolwine, of 3601 Downey avenue.

### Receptions, Etc.

January 31—Mr. Merick Reynolds, Jr.; Alvarado street; box party for Miss Margaret Lee and Mr. Roy Koster.

January 31—Mrs. Thomas Hughes, 1224 South Alvarado street; at home.

January 31—Mrs. John G. Mott and Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick, 667 West Twenty-eighth street; tea for Misses Herron and Hubbell.

February 1—Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, 2307 South Figueroa street; dinner for Miss McFarland and

February 1—Mrs. Laura Sanborn, East Forty-ninth street; reception.

### Date Book.

February 2—Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, 1153 West Twenty-seventh street; tea for Miss Louise Otis.

February 2—Mrs. John C. McCoy, 17 Beuard Park; at home.

February 2—Miss Amy Leonardt, Chester Place; matinee party and luncheon for Miss Margaret Woollacott.

February 2—Mrs. Jefferson Chandler, 1001 South Burlington avenue; tea for Miss Louise McFarland.

February 7—Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, 3601 Downey avenue; musicale.

February 7—Mrs. T. E. True, 322 West Twenty-seventh street; luncheon for Mrs. Elwell S. Otis.

### Engagement.

Miss Gertrude McKenzie, daughter of Mrs. L. M. Cary, 1501 South Grand avenue, to Dr. A. P. Wilson.

### Approaching Weddings.

February 6—Miss Louise McFarland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland, to Mr. Leo Chandler

March 6—Miss Gertrude McKenzie, daughter of Mrs. L. M. Cary, 1501 South Grand avenue, to Dr. A. P. Wilson.

## On the Stage and Off

It is not without reason that Henry Arthur Jones is ranked as one of the two foremost of living English dramatists. He not only has the courage of his convictions, but his convictions are on the side of right, the unveiling of hypocrisy and the exposure of the shams that mask our social conventions. In some of his plays he teaches his lesson through the medium of very ordinary characters, which he manages to group in such a compelling manner that the interest of the story absorbs attention, and the gilded pill is swallowed by a portion of his public without the least resistance, while a reluctant minority admit that 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true. In "The Masqueraders" he not only takes advantage of his audience by holding them in a condition of breathless attention while his story is unfolded, but he unkindly leaves the solution to their imagination. He develops an exquisite combination of fact and fancy in making his hero an astronomer, one who, living above the clouds, has developed lofty ideals, and who sees in our human existence with its pursuit of love, politics, religion and commercialism that we are indeed but "moving shadow shapes that come and go."

The play is fine in conception and is almost as good in its development, but there is a certain inequality in the treatment that gives rise to the idea that even the brilliant author felt himself deficient in the power to work it out to a conclusion that would satisfy Mrs. Grundy, and at the same time do justice to his own daring theories. There is a false note in the scene where the kiss is auctioned, and even the climax of the third act, where the possession of the wife is risked upon the turn of a card by a well-worn expedient, is not in harmony with the vein of poetry that has been opened up in the astronomer's vision of the "star in Andromeda" where life is perfect and existence may be unalloyed enjoyment. The dreamer is compelled to meet mere earthly conditions, and there is, consequently, and of necessity, a jarring note that tells too truly that the vision and the reality can never be reconciled.

It is idle to assert that the day is passing in which a play like "The Masqueraders" can be considered strong and effective and true. This particular piece was first staged only twelve years ago and human nature as well as "society," the kind of society pictured, are both the same as when the author wrote. If his tirades and jeremiads were justified then, they are just as much so today. "The Masqueraders" is saturated with pessimism of the Ibsen type, it is true. It is also true that its author sounds a note of warning which, while it may fall largely upon unheeding ears is none the less respected by those who read and understand the tendencies of modern civilization.

Dulcie Larondie, as played on Monday night by Lillian Albertson, the new leading woman of the Belasco Theater, is a character that charms in the first act by her simple coquetry, then dazzles a little as she indulges in rather hysterical anticipations of the life she would like to lead, speaking in broken sentences, as she waltzes gracefully over the stage. But when, after four years of married life to a sottish blackguard of elevated rank, she is revealed as at the climax of a nervous breakdown, in a crowded assembly in her own drawing-room, she shows an amount of temperamental force that at once enlists sympathy and makes the resentment against her

brutal lord and master—excellently played by Mr. Glazier—all the keener. Miss Albertson is evidently a valuable addition to the Belasco forces, and Manager Blackwood is to be congratulated on his good fortune in securing her services. In a stock company it is impossible for the people to be equally good in all that they undertake to do, but the prospects for an average of exceptionally high rate is forecast in the case of Miss Albertson.

Mr. Stone, as the poet-astronomer, is ideal in his quiet intensity and cultivated reserve. He makes the mistake—too often, however—of dropping into a low tone which causes an unnecessary strain upon those who desire to hear his lines. A very bright bit is that by Mr. Glendenning, as the younger brother of the astronomer-poet. Mr. Glazier has a fine opportunity as *Sir Brice Skene*, and makes the character as repellent as the author, whose creation is an apotheosis of brutality, could wish. Howard Scott imparts humorous interest to a small character by a few deft touches in his own clever way; but Mr. Vivian was undecided on the first night what to do with *Montague Lushington*, the self-confessed devotee to an entirely selfish view of life.

All in all, the presentation of this remarkable play demands an amount of talent not to be found except in a first-class stock company, and that these demands are so well met in this instance, is a fortunate thing for our playgoers.

The performance of the Sardou play, "The Sorceress," is as satisfactory as might be expected under the circumstances of its presentation by a stock company. Great pains have been spent upon the scenery, which is an important item of expense on so large a stage as that of the Auditorium. The setting is all that might be desired and better than could well be demanded at the prices of admission. The costuming is not nearly so much deserv-

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WEEK OF FEB. 3

## Murray & Mack

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Gertrude Rutledge Gus Pixley  
Frances Trumbull Bobby Harrington  
May Gabriel Thos. T. Shea

P. J. Kane  
and a chorus that can sing and dance

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Mostly Girls

ing of praise. The Spanish part of it may pass muster, but the Moorish dress and the Moorish complexion are evidently outside managerial ken. Zoraya's servant is made up in about the only attempt to give the foreign idea. Her nephew, the boy Zaguir, with his curly head looks like a Shakespearean page, and the same ignorance of detail is shown in other costuming. The wildest melo-dramatic license is taken by the personator of the sorceress, in the matter of costume, or rather the lack of it, but Miss Stone, while as incorrect as her predecessors in this detail, yet presents a beautiful picture in her comic-opera gauzy array, with its embellishment of raven tresses and red and white complexion. Her interpretation of the character is best in the earlier scenes where she depicts the tender emotions, but in parts requiring the display of great intensity as in the Inquisition scene she loses all control and descends to rant, exhibiting a kind of violence that is inconsistent with the author's language. Less of an appeal to the gallery, and a more subtle intensity would better meet artistic requirements. Again the Inquisition scene, which makes the strongest demands upon the actress's powers, was injured by the lady's rapid declamation, which must have been largely unintelligible to those not acquainted with the lines. The appeal to the "Evangelist" upon the cross is an instance in point.

Miss Royce does a clever character bit as the accused old witch before her judges, and is carefully made up according to the best tradition for one of the harridans that worry Shakespeare's Macbeth. The men in the cast seem mostly out of their element, especially the handsome Andrew Robson, who, never at his ease, finds it impossible to accommodate his delivery to the poetic prose in which he has to express himself. Harry Von Meter does well with the subordinate part of Ramiro but the fine role of Cardinal Ximenes is lost in the hands to which it is entrusted, so that it is not of much consequence that he is deprived of his sardonic line which properly concludes the act: "We will burn her after vespers." By the bye, a fuel famine must have existed in Toledo in 1507, for the amount of wood piled round the stake to burn the plump Zoraya was not sufficient to do more than bake a loaf of bread.

"The Sorceress" is a very ambitious effort for a stock company, more so, perhaps, than would be any other one of Sardou's plays, and this attempt has so many good features about it that its popularity is doubtless secure. The translation of the play is well done, and comparatively few excisions have been made from the original.

GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

The student body of the Polytechnic High School is to be congratulated on its enterprise in securing the eminent orator, Jacob Riis for a lecture on "The Battle with the Slums," which will be given in the "Poly" Auditorium, Wednesday, February 6. The opportunity is a rare one, and the lecture, which is profusely illustrated with stereoptican views, should prove instructive as well as interesting.

At the Orpheum Willa Holt Wakefield, in "song readings" wins her audience as much by personal magnetism as by her readings. Her delicious little chuckle adds to the charm of the novel performance. Of the hold-overs Howard and Howard retain first place. Rice and Cohen, in "All the World Loves a Lover," caught the fickle fancy of the audience. Their playlet is the old old skeleton of mistaken

identity, but appareled in a new fashion. Owing to illness Searl Allen's company did not appear, "\$\$\$ and Cents" repeating their success of last week. The usual excellent motion pictures complete the bill.

To quote a small boy's opinion, Rose Melville is "the whole cheese—got 'em all skinned" in "Sis Hopkins." The part of "Sis" has no intrinsic worth, but Miss Melville makes one forget the defects. She draws a well sustained portrait of the impossible character, lending to it a winning sweetness and innocence that appeal. With one or two exceptions the support is mediocre.

**Morosco's**—The Burbank stock company returns again to romantic drama in "Richard Carvel."

**Belasco's**—Always excellent in comedy, the Belasco company should find good opportunity in "His Excellency the Governor," which will hold the boards the coming week.

**Grand Opera House**—The Grand will have a musical comedy for the week of February 3—Murray and Mack's "Around the Town" in a revised version, being the misadventures of a retired milkman and an army contractor, who get twisted and tangled in their love affairs and business relations. The attractions of the show are said to be Charlie Murray and Ollie Mack, Gladys Van, the original red soubrette; Gus Pixley, of "Babes in Toyland" fame; a chorus of twenty-four.

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## "Spelling Reform" Fifty Years Ago

By LANIER BARTLETT

That the movement for the "reform" of English spelling recently made prominent by certain persons who would sacrifice the true value and delightful suggestion of many words to mere ease (for the half-educated masses) in spelling, is nothing original with these agitators, but really an old issue revived after condemnation long ago by real appreciators of the noble English tongue, is brought strikingly to mind in glancing through that interesting and thoughtful book, "Trench on the Study of Words," published over a half century ago.

Apparently the "reform" of the written English language by "phonetic" spelling was under discussion at the time when Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Vicar of Itchen-stoke, Hants, and professor of divinity, King's College, London, was delivering the scholarly lectures on the study of words which were afterward published under the above named title; and in them this well-known authority on language exposed the dangers of the "reform" spelling in a direct and forceful manner.

Now that the question is once more before the English-speaking world, the words of Trench, uttered more than fifty years ago, are of striking significance. In "Lecture VI." he says, in pointing out the great value of being able to trace words back to their original sources, particularly to Latin and Greek sources, through their written form:

"And having these convictions in regard of the advantage of following up words to their sources of 'deriving' them, that is, of tracing each little rill to the river from which it first was drawn, let me here observe, as something not remote from our subject, but, on the contrary, directly bearing upon it, that I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing and barbarizing our English tongue; no scheme that would go so far to empty it, practically at least and for us, of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination and history which it contains, to cut the vital nerve which connects its present with the past, as the introduction of the scheme of 'phonetic spelling,' which some have been lately advocating among us; the principle of which is that all words should be spelt according as they are sounded; that the writing should be, in every case, subordinated to the speaking.

"The tacit assumption that it ought so to be is the pervading error running through the whole system. But there is no necessity that it should; every word on the contrary has two existences, as a spoken word and a written word; and you have no right to sacrifice one of these, or even to subordinate it wholly, to the other. A word exists as truly for the eye as for the ear, and in a highly advanced state of society, where reading is almost as universal as speaking, as much perhaps for the first as for the last. That in the written word, moreover, is the permanence and continuity of language and learning, and that the connection is most intimate of a true orthography with all this, is affirmed in our words 'letters,' 'literature,' 'unlettered' even as in other languages by words entirely corresponding to these.

"The gains consequent on the introduction of such a change as is proposed would be insignificantly small, while the losses would be enormously great. The gains would be the

saving of a certain amount of labor in the learning to spell; an amount of labor, however, absurdly exaggerated by the promoters of the scheme. This labor, whatever it is, would be in great part saved, as the pronunciation would at once indicate the correct spelling; if, indeed, spelling or orthography could then be said to exist. But even this insignificant gain would not long remain, seeing that pronunciation is itself continually altering; custom is lord here for better or for worse; and a multitude of words are now pronounced in a different manner from that of a hundred years ago, so that, ere very long, there would be again a chasm between the spelling and the pronunciation of words—unless, indeed, the former were to vary, as I do not see well how it could consistently refuse to do with each variation of the latter, reproducing each one of its barbarous or capricious alterations; which thus it must be remembered would be changes not in the pronunciation only, but in the word itself, for the word would only exist as a pronounced word, the written being a mere shadow of this.

"This fact, however, though alone sufficient to show how little the scheme of phonetic spelling would remove even those inconveniences which it proposes to remedy, is only the smallest objection to it. The far deeper and more serious one is, that in innumerable instances, it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words as of men is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their idea, as an alabaster vase is lighted up by a lamp placed within it; in how many cases would this inner light be quenched. They have now a body and a soul, and the soul looking through the body; oftentimes, then, nothing but the body, not seldom nothing but the carcase of the word would remain."

Could a warning of the dangers of arbitrarily simplifying the spelling of words to fit the ear (and whose ear would be the arbiter, with the home Britisher and the colonial Britisher and the American of the northern, southern and western States each having his own peculiarities of pronunciation?) be better expressed than in this sentence of Trench's: "Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words as of men is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon and bring them all to the same ignoble level"? Or in this manner: "They (words) have now a body and a soul, and the soul looking through the body; oftentimes then nothing but the body, not seldom nothing but the carcase of the word would remain"?



## In the Musical World

I would like to add something to the ecstatic praise which the daily newspapers have given to Schumann-Heink, but language fails. To describe a consummate artist is well nigh impossible. Words can never tell the story of what the ear has heard. Schumann-Heink is coming again, and Mr. Behymer has already signed her for a series of fifty concerts in the West. When she returns I hope that Mr. Behymer will be liberal and let us have four concerts instead of two, for Schumann-Heink could fill Simpson Auditorium four or five times, and then not meet the demand of those eager to hear her. When she left Simpson's after her last concert, late in the afternoon, at least a thousand people waited for her on the sidewalk. There arose from many lips the cry, "Coming back again?" That fine German face broke into a wide smile. "Ja! Ja!" was her reply to all. The climax of Schumann-Heink's visit was naturally the reception given her by the Dominant Club and the Gamut Club after the first concert. Each of these organizations, it appears, had planned to entertain Schumann-Heink at the same time, in different places, and there came nearly being a fearful fracas as to who should get the singer. The energetic ladies who compose the Dominant Club finally agreed to accept an invitation from the Gamut Club, and everything was serene.

Owing to the novelty of the musical instruments to be used by the Ethelo quartet company next Wednesday evening, February 6, at Gamut Club Hall, the eyes of the musical people are turned in that direction. Miss Elsa Mattern, Mrs. Adele Reiners, Miss Florence Payne and Miss Theodosia Harris compose the quartet. The ethelo, which resembles the violin in many particulars, is a deep-toned melodious instrument well adapted to large

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auditoriums. A specially selected program will be given, great interest being taken in it by students of violin and 'cello.

The members of the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra of Los Angeles have arranged to give Director Harley Hamilton of their organization a most deserved testimonial concert at Simpson Auditorium on Monday evening, February 11, at which time the entire personnel of the orchestra will be present. The ladies have interested their many friends in this musical affair, and they as well as Mr. Hamilton will undoubtedly be greeted by an audience which will occupy every seat in the auditorium. The reserved seat sale is now on at Birkel's.

One of the finished musical events of the season will be the duo recital of Wenzel Kopta violinist, and Heinrich Von Stein, pianist, at Simpson Auditorium, February 7. Herr Kopta a musician of note both in Europe and America has for years been arranging program numbers that would give to the layman the same satisfactory results as to the trained musician. The numbers selected for this coming recital are of this character, and will also bring out the versatility of this wizard of the violin. Kopta excels in Bach, Dvorak and Joachim numbers, and a glance at the program which follows shows selections from each of these composers.

#### PART I.

1. Suite for Piano and Violin Op. 34.....Ries
  - (a) Moderato
  - (b) Tempo di Bourree
  - (c) Adagio non-troppo
  - (d) Gondoliera Andante con motto
  - (e) Perpetuo Mobile
 Heinrich Von Stein and Wenzel Kopta
2. Violin-Concerto Op. 15.....Bazzini  
Wenzel Kopta
3. Piano Solo, "Invitation to the Dance" Weber-Bulow  
Heinrich Von Stein

#### PART II.

4. Violin Solos
  - (a) "Romance" Op. 48.....Saint-Saens
  - (b) "Air".....Bach
  - (c) "Slavisch Dance" from Op. 67....Dvorak
  - (d) "Hungarian Dance" No. 5..Joachim-Brahms
 Wenzel Kopta
5. Piano Solos
  - (a) "Etude" G Maj.....Chopin
  - (b) "Valse" Op. 17.....Moszkowsky
 Heinrich Von Stein
6. Violin Solo—"Air Hongrois".....Ernst  
Wenzel Kopta

Signor Pietro Buzzi, of the Verdi School of Singing, will give a musical evening, February 8, at the Leighton Hotel. Pupils of the school will take part in the program, which is as follows:

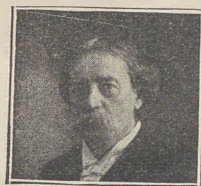
George Schleiffarth, "The Saint and the Sinner," Homer Sampson.  
Puccini, "Aria Mimi" in the opera La Boheme. Miss Alice Starr.  
"In the Shade of the Palms" from the opera Florodora. Mr. William Dellamore.  
Wagner, "Elsa's Dream" from the opera Lohengrin. Miss Bessie Bulpin.  
Costa, "Patria" (My Country). Sig. Pietro Buzzi.  
Donizetti, "Lucia Sextette." Misses Alice Starr, Bessie Bulpin; Messrs. William Dellamore, Otto Wildey, Giuseppe Pensa, Horner Sampson.  
Flotow, "Nocturne" from the opera Martha (quartet) Misses Alice Starr, Bessie Bulpin; Messrs. Otto Wildey, Horner Sampson.  
Verdi, "Prison Scene" from the opera Il Trovatore. Miss Bessie Bulpin and Sig. Pietro Buzzi.

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office of the service with dignified music peculiarly useful for congregational singing, yet susceptible of the grandest effects with a fine choir. For the guidance of organists indifferently schooled in the use of the old modes, a proper example for accompaniment is furnished each tone given, and for further facility it contains several canticles written in the modern tonality. The Merbecke Communion Service is here presented in its original simplicity and grandeur, likewise the final use of

the versicles and responses by Tallis. This service-book differs from its predecessors in that it makes use of the old tones with all their characteristics and elasticity rather than the halting Anglicanized Gregorians so prevalent in our churches of today, and its distinctive mission is the encouragement of congregational singing. This book was prepared by Mr. Douglas for use in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Los Angeles, and is dedicated to the Dean, the Very Rev. J. J. Wilkins. It was sent to

the Schirmers for publication with no other end in view. After examining it they wrote to the author asking permission to publish it and sell on royalty, pronouncing it the best work of the kind yet prepared and predicting for it general adoption in the Episcopal churches of this country. Although just from the press it is in use in five parishes of this city and its reception has been favorable in every instance; in many cases praise of the work has been lavish.

## Among the Artists

The exhibition of portraits by Rob Wagner began at the Steckel Gallery, 336 1-2 South Broadway, last Sunday, and will continue until February 10. There are eleven canvases in the collection. The largest of these is a portrait of Stewart Edward White, the author of the "Blazed Trail" and several other books on Western life. It shows a life-size figure standing easily, yet erect and virile. This picture has been on exhibition here before.

Mr. Wagner has a rare faculty in seizing the subtle characteristics of his sitters. No two of his portraits are alike. Each picture represents an individual, with a distinct personality of his own. While looking at these portraits one grasps the salient trait of character which Mr. Wagner has chosen to make evident with his brush, so skilful is he in portraying what his insight reveals to him. He has had a wide experience in life, and his contact with his fellows seems to have clarified his intuitions and appreciations without in any wise envenoming his spirit. The latter is a result which so often cramps a sensitive artist, who perceives the necessary ruthlessness of life. Mr. Wagner has a wholesome sense of humor—which is the best gift a fairy god-mother can give to man. He graduated from the University of Michigan, and worked for three years as an illustrator on the Detroit Free Press and later on the Criterion, a New York weekly. Then he went to London and became the art editor for the supplement of the Encyclopedia Britannica, remaining in England from 1900 to 1902. He returned to New York, working on the illustrations for the Historians' History of the World, for which publication he made 2,000 drawings, many of them requiring great research. Thus thoroughly familiar with drawing, he decided to go to Paris to study color, and especially mural decoration, fancying that to be his bent. He was for a time at Julien's studio and afterwards at Delecluse's, a smaller and more profitable place to study. Here he was advised to undertake portraiture, his ready facility in obtaining a likeness being at once recognized. His likenesses are not those accurate versions of the lens, stiff, exact, formal and statistical; but they have the true value of artistic discernment, which means the expression of real feeling—the feeling, of course, in the case of portraiture being partly that of the painter and partly that of the sitter. Mr. Wagner, in his portraits, paints his subject more than Wagner, and for this reason, however much of his temperament may appear in his work his likenesses retain the ineradicable stamp of the person who poses for him. From a family-ancestral point of view this must always be an advantage; for it is not every painter one would willingly take home in the same frame with one's grandmother, for keeps.

Three years ago Mr. Wagner returned to

Detroit and began at once a successful career as a portrait painter. His long experience as an illustrator has given him assurance with his pencil, and he must have been a natural colorist, or he could not, in so short a time, have achieved so high an excellence.

The portrait of Mrs. W—— is one of his first works. To understand his versatility of treatment one has but to look at the portrait of Congressman Edwin S. Denby with its strong characterization, and then at the dainty, patrician, fay-like likeness of Miss H——. The last is handled in quite a different manner from any of the other canvases on exhibition. It has a charm which the beholder cannot but feel must be inherent in the subject. The longer one looks at this portrait the better one likes it. It is interesting, also, because the artist who painted it must possess a delicate quality of mind; a fineness of perception which one associates more with the cloister than with the market place. Mr. Wagner seems to have been familiar with the bustle of life and to have gripped it with both hands. This dual phase of mind gives his work both strength and grace, where grace is necessary. His work is frank rather than mystical, and has a bold directness which is refreshing after the many uncertain and hesitating attempts made by little, or half-trained painters, to interpret sphinx-like nature.

The portrait of Nathan Bentz is alert and business-like. The head is painted on a background of gray, a hazardous undertaking which has been successfully carried through.

The portrait of the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman is striking as an example of the militant churchman—intellectual, aggressive in a narrow way and not too sympathetic. Other portraits are of Miss Moran, Dr. Doremus, Dr. Conrad, and one called "Sisters." Mr. Wagner's pictures are well worthy of attention. He will remain in Los Angeles, where he is looking for a studio. Let us hope that his brush will be kept busy.

Theodore Wores will give an exhibition of about thirty of his paintings at Gould's gallery, 324 West Fifth street, beginning on Monday next and lasting until February 16. Mr. Wores studied in Munich and has traveled extensively in the South seas, where he found many subjects for his sketch book. Among the pictures exhibited will be a portrait of Mrs. Randolph Miner, which was completed several months ago, but which has not hitherto been shown to the public. Mr. Wores's studio is in the Hotel Alexandria.

The Fine Arts League has decided to incorporate. This is a wise step and may mean much to the future art interests of the city.

Miss Regina O'Kane and Miss Gere will be at home in the studio at the top of Cumnoek Hall, on Sunday afternoon, February 3, after 3 o'clock, to show some of their work done during the last summer.

J. W. Clawson is painting a portrait of Mrs. Hancock Banning. The one he began of Mr. Huntington is not fully finished yet.

Paul de Longpré is showing, at his Hollywood home, eighty-one water-colors and eight oil paintings, some of which have been seen before. Mr. de Longpré's work is very painstaking, and he paints a great variety of flowers. His pictures may be seen any day after 10 o'clock.

On Thursday Mrs. William H. Housh spoke at Bronson House, the Catholic settlement on Jackson street. She was assisted by Mr. C. P. Neilson, who has had experience in settlement work before. The talk was profusely illustrated by photographs and drawings.

William Wendt will exhibit, at his studio, 2814 North Sichel street, a number of his paintings previous to sending them to Chicago. They may be seen, during all of next week, from 10 to 5 o'clock. Mr. Wendt came to America when a lad and his strong and self-directed artistic impulse has conquered for him a notable place among American painters. His success at the Chicago Art Institute was unusual when he exhibited there. Many of his best known pictures are California subjects, which gives his work a pleasant local interest. He has made his home among us now, and his presence here will add force and brilliancy to the art circles here. One will be fully repaid by a visit to the Sichel street studio.

Mrs. Mellville has nearly completed a portrait of Bishop Johnson.

Miss Laura M. King's exhibit of water-colors at the gallery of Ray Skelton consist of about thirty sketches, taken in the north, chiefly in the Livermore Valley and around Monterey. They are bright, crisp and cheerful—sunny pictures painted by a sunny nature. Miss King has heretofore done mostly flowers, and this essay into a broader field of work deserves encouragement and success. Two sketches of the sand dunes are particularly good in treatment. Mr. Skelton has decided to retire from business, and this gallery will therefore shortly be closed.

The Public High School gave, last Wednesday, an "open day" when all the classrooms were ready to receive visitors, and many drawings and water-colors done by the pupils were displayed. This was the first of such public days. The parents and friends of the pupils will hereafter be invited at the end of each semester to inspect the work of these young artists. The Polytechnic High School was also opened in like manner on Thursday, to show the handiwork of the pupils.



# Autos and Autoists

The success of last week's Automobile Show was apparent to even a casual observer who happened into Morley's rink last week, but just how great a success it was can be judged only by talking to some of the local dealers. The fact is that the show enabled the dealers to reach many people who had a prejudice against the "horseless" carriage, and who had no idea of the simplicity of the mechanism of the up-to-date automobile. There were many women who went to the show thoroughly imbued with the idea that a "buzz-wagon" was a complicated mass of machinery that only an expert could keep running. They were converted when they saw the exhibition of "unloaded" cars with the body removed and the entire mechanism laid bare, showing how simple the works of the modern automobile really are.

This is one point that was brought out by the show. The working parts of an automobile are simple and are easily understood and regulated by anybody who has the least idea of mechanics. Of course everybody who owns a machine knows this, but there are hundreds of people in this town who can afford an automobile who have refrained from buying one only because they imagined that the mechanism would continually get out of order.

If the show has done nothing else it has at any rate done more to preach the gospel of the automobile than all the work of all the sales agents and press men put together. It proved to the general public that gasoline transportation has been reduced to a fine point. That, no matter what car one buys, there is the best experience of the most practised mechanics for the use of purchasers of a machine.

Another point brought out by the show was the similarity of design in the different engines and gears. This only goes to prove still further that experts have experimented until they have come to one decision. Of course there are new ideas and one or two freaks. We have the Cartercar, for instance. This is the simplest car, mechanically, that was on

the floor. It is fitted with a two-cylinder (opposed) engine, and the power is transmitted to the wheels by a friction drive, such as may be seen in any machine shop on a small drill press. The agents for this car claim that this gear works perfectly. On the other hand the agents of cars that are fitted with cog gears laugh at the Carter invention, and say that it gets out of order more quickly than any gear known. Nevertheless this gear is a step towards simplicity and, perhaps a longer step than has been taken by all the "cut-gear" cranks put together.

Different methods of ignition, different ways of regulating sparking and throttle, different kinds of inlet valves, different transmissions were there in abundance. But, when these little differences were closely looked into it was found that there was not much so difference after all. This is good and all goes to show that the manufacturers are working toward the same end of simplicity for either steam touring car or gasoline runabout.

The local agents have scarcely come to after being nearly drowned by the rush of orders. They do not exaggerate because they have no need to. The show was a grand success because it gave everybody a chance to compare one make with another and to look thoroughly into the inner workings of each car.

The Standard Motor Car Company handles the Ford, which is a comparatively cheap car, but has proved itself to be sound and well made and has many admirers in this town. Mr. L. L. Brentmer, the manager, was busy enough directing the assembling and shipment of machines, but he took a few minutes off to say a few words to a Graphic representative. "If I had not sold a single machine," said Mr. Brentmer, "I should be perfectly satisfied that the show had been a success. As it is, I cannot find words to express what a perfect success the show was in every way. We have actually sold thirty-seven machines, and if you think that I exaggerate at all come and take my job for an hour or two." The offer was respectfully declined, and Mr. Brentmer, with a courteous farewell, retired to the shipping department to oversee the packing of a consignment of Fords for out-of-town delivery.

The Superior Auto Company handles the well-known Haynes car and has been lucky in having George O. Barnes, the eastern sales manager of the Haynes Company on the ground during the show. Mr. Barnes was

very enthusiastic about the show and Los Angeles generally. "I have never seen," said he, "a show that was such a really good show for its size before. We made a specialty of our 65-horsepower machine, and took particular pains to demonstrate it thoroughly. Charlie Pratt, who already owns two Haynes machines, has bought one of these, and he seems to be well pleased with it so far. Yes, sir; that show was a grand success, and you may be sure that it will prove to have done as much for Los Angeles in the East as it has for the automobile trade locally."

The courtesy of the average automobile dealer was well shown by Mr. Beardsley of the Auto Vehicle Company that makes the Tourist Car. Mr. Beardsley was busy, but he took time enough to talk a little about the show and what the Tourist Car had done. "The great hit," said Mr. Beardsley, "that our cars made was due to the fact that they are made in Los Angeles. You have no idea how this seemed to please possible purchasers, especially those that were brought in by our out-of-town agents. I cannot give you a correct estimate of the number of cars we sold, as I have not yet heard from our country representatives, of whom we have many scattered round this territory. I had charge of the exhibit at the show and I was simply astonished at the number of country customers who came in to see the Los Angeles made machine."

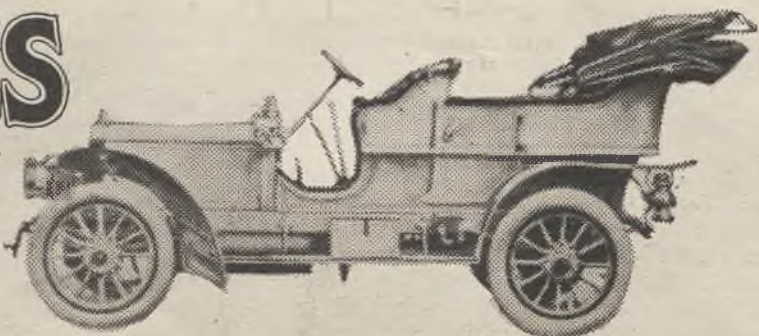
At the Premier Agency Walter Cosby sat at his desk and smiled. "Dope?" he queried; "I have no dope to give you. About the show, eh? Well the show was a great success, of course. Sell any machines? Why, of course, we did that; that is what we are here for." And the genial Premier man beamed. As a matter of fact the Premier machine made a great hit, and the local agency has more than a dozen sales to its credit from the show. Mr. Cosby says that he can sell a machine, but he is a poor hand at giving news about his business. That his former statement is correct is easily understood by anybody who comes in contact with his suave and genial person.

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And with it all Mr. Cosby has a good machine to sell.

It has been said by those who pose as critics of what is artistic in decoration, that Leon T. Shettler had the prettiest booth of them all, at the show. The booth may have been attractive, but Leon T's manner and method of handling curious questioners was far more so. It is true that he handles one of the lowest priced cars on the market today, but everybody knows that Reo stands for R. E. Olds, the pioneer runabout manufacturer of the United States, and this machine has proved its worth ever since Olds started up for himself and placed on the market a car that he himself believed to be the acme of good construction at a low price. There are a great many Reo cars in Los Angeles. This was brought out in a very striking manner just after the San Francisco disaster. Tom McCarey had arranged a boxing benefit for the relief fund and it was suggested to have an automobile parade of all the notables who would take part in the benefit. Shettler heard about this and immediately offered to provide all the machines that were wanted. Twenty-five automobiles were in that parade, all of one design and one make and from one garage. That was nearly a year ago, but the parade could not be duplicated tomorrow, for, although Mr. Shettler always tries to keep a large stock of cars on hand, the demand consequent on the show has been so severe that there are only a few left in his warehouse. Fortunately for him he foresaw the large sales made during the show, and he has several car-loads en route; so that those who have decided on a Reo, but have not yet placed their orders, need have no fear of disappointment.

Mr. Shettler refused any exact data as to the sales made during the last week. He seemed afraid that nobody would believe him if he told the truth. His excuse was very plausible; he said that he was so busy that he had not time to think about it, and that was evidently quite true. The Reo booth was the most artistic in the whole show, and Mr. Shettler is now reaping his reward for spending money to make his exhibition a success.

Ralph Hamlin, who has the Franklin agency, had the original "Air-cooled" exhibition at the show. With his three cars and his good salesmen he made havoc among the possible purchasers. He has been so busy since the show, like all his confreres, that he had little time in which to tell the readers of the Graphic all about the sales that he and his salesmen made during the show. The Model D. Franklin is a touring car, arranged to seat five people and fitted with all the up-to-date features. Of these the Franklin booth at the show is responsible for the sale of two. Model G is the light touring car or runabout, as some critics would call it, but it appealed to at least three people as good for general use, and they signed up for orders. But the car that made the greatest hit of all in the Franklin exhibit was the big six-cylinder touring car. Consequently the machine attracted a large amount of attention. The Franklin cars are not cheap cars, except, as Ralph Hamlin says, "You buy one and find out"; but the six-cylinder car looked so good to two wealthy automobilists that they each bought one.

"I am so busy cinching probable sales," said Ralph Hamlin, "that you will have to forgive me from going into details, but I will tell you that I am practically sure of seven

more sales from some of those coy out-of-town possible purchasers, and, when I say that I am practically sure of a sale you may bet that any other man will have a hard time getting ahead of me. What about the show? Well, you know as well as I do that it was a great success. Honestly, old man, I can't tell you a thing except that we surpassed ourselves, and I will have a whole lot more time next week. Then I will tell you everything."

The Ramsay-Hutchins Company were working at rather a disadvantage when they took their Pierce-Racine machine into the show, as it was the first time that it had ever been shown in Los Angeles. Mr. Ramsay determined that he would have one of the machines out here in time to present to the public at Morley's Rink, and he succeeded. The Pierce-Racine is a 40-horsepower touring car, and, although a newcomer in this territory, was well thought of by many old-time automobile enthusiasts in this town. Mr. Weyman, a well-known automobilist of San Francisco,

thought so well of this car when he saw it, that he immediately gave his order for one, and he was followed by three other purchasers who thought that his opinion was worth following. "The show was good from every point of view," said Mr. Ramsay. "If a new car like ours could attract so much attention, what could the old-timers do? I consider that the show was a grand success in every way, and I could not say too much in praise of the management."

The Success Auto Company sells the old favorite Winton car. This week they have found that business has had a great "boost" from the show. Monday they sold a Model

## Home Garage

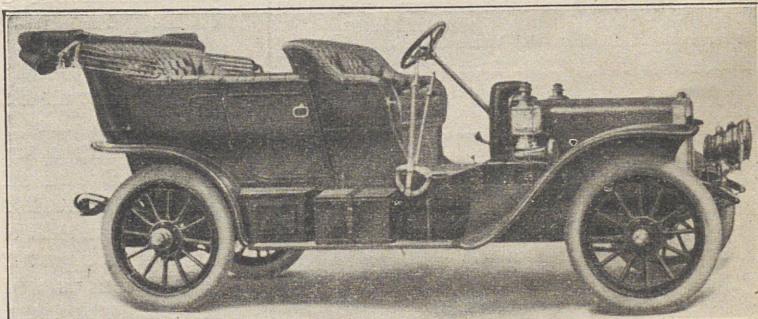
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Storage? Yes, indeed!

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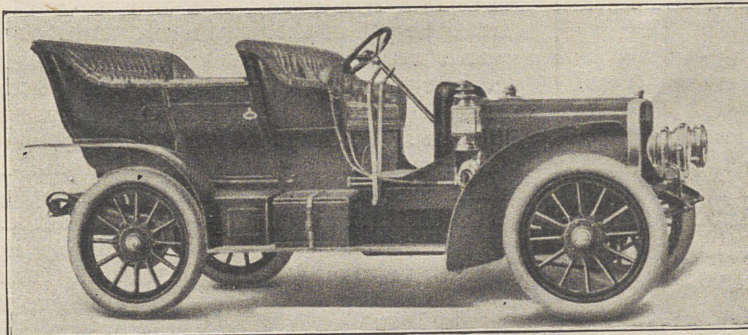
Broadway 3359

## They are Here

Our Model M  
and  
Model X-I-V,  
'07 Wintons



The Winton, Model M



The Winton, Type X-I-V

Three Locomobiles, Type E,  
will be here next week.

## Success Automobile Co.

Pico at Hill  
E. E. CAISTER, Manager

Open Day and Night, and  
absolutely fire proof

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Lewis P. RAMSAY, Pres. & Treas. F. S. HUTCHINS, Vice-Pres. & Sec. Wm. E. Ramsay, Director

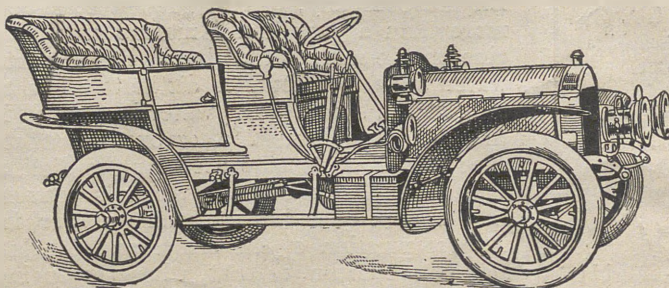
## Ramsay-Hutchins Rubber Company

Automobile, Bicycle and Vehicle Tires  
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SOLE AGENTS  
STANDARD CLINCHER  
AUTOMOBILE TIRES

1038 South Main St.  
Los Angeles, California

Phones  
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## PIERCE-RACINE

4 CYLINDER 40 H. P. TOURING CAR

\$2750

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

A limited number have been consigned to  
this territory. It will pay you to investi-  
gate the superiority of this car before plac-  
ing your order. See us at the show.

RAMSAY-HUTCHINS RUBBER COMPANY

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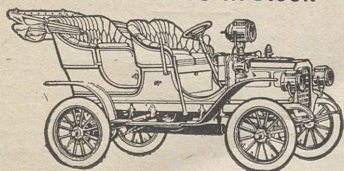
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NO WAITING FOR A

# Reo

Over 50 Cars in Stock



WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

There have been so many inquiries for the name of the decorator of our booth at the Automobile Show that we take this means of informing the public that the work was done by Mr. J. W. Wolfskill

1907 Model "Edition de Luxe," 20 h. p.

Light Touring Car.

\$1400

20 h. p. Light Touring Car.

\$1250

8 h. p. Runabout.

\$675

**LEON T. SHETTLER**

H. M. FULLER, Sales Manager.

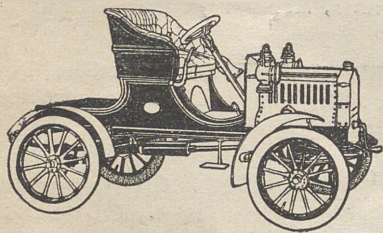
633 South Grand Ave.

Home Ex. 167

Sunset Ex. 633

Member Automobile Dealers' Association of Southern California

## MAXWELL CARS



ARE BECOMING THE AMERICAN STANDARD BY WHICH ALL OTHER CARS ARE JUDGED

Three point suspension; multiple disc clutch; transmission running in bath of oil, and with transmission and crank case in one aluminum casting; double opposed motor in front under hood; shaft drive—light weight, high power.

MAXWELLS have metal bodies enameled, not affected by sun or wet. The satisfactory machine for all kinds of roads.

**Maxwell-Briscoe-Willcox Co.**

Western Distributing Branch Maxwell Automobiles

1211 - 1213 South Main Street

Phones: Home 5667; Sunset, Broadway 4089

## WAYNE

Touring Cars and Runabouts

16 to 60 Horse Power \$800 to \$3,650.

E. Jr. BENNETT AUTOMOBILE CO.

Gen. Agents for Southern California

M to Frank Dick, of Pasadena. The latest Model XIV Winton arrived from the factory last Thursday, and is now on view in their sales rooms. Three Type E Locomobiles will arrive next week, weather and the railroad companies permitting, and will be immediately shipped to purchasers. Mr. Bilicke drives one of these Type E Locomobiles, and is very pleased with it. He says that it is one of the easiest running cars he ever had the pleasure of steering. This is real praise, and Ed Caister is correspondingly pleased. By the way, Caister is a man who is well worth noting. Years ago he used to work for the old United Electric Company that owned all the beach electric light companies. He rose from office boy to the important position of manager of the Santa Barbara electric system. When the United system was bought out by the Edison Electric Company, Caister retained his position. He was too good to stay in Santa Barbara with nothing to do but direct the collection of electric light bills, however, and a clear-sighted automobile man snapped him up. He is well known as a good sportsman, and one of the finest lacrosse players on the coast. The success of the local agency of the Winton and Locomobile agencies is chiefly indebted to his personality and clever salesmanship.

The Maxwell-Briscoe-Willcox Co. have three things that are worthy of note. They have a brand new spark plug, a press agent that is a wonder, and an expert who is figuring on the use of alcohol instead of gasoline. Now, it is certain that a firm that will spend money on a press agent and an expert has something to sell that is worth the money. Those who have bought them say that the Maxwell cars are "all there." Modern cars are so alike in their salient points that it is hardly worth while to say much about the Maxwell car, save that it is good. But here is something from the pen of the press agent, and it is well worth noticing: "Few motorists know that in many instances a spark plug can be made to fire regularly without removing it from the cylinder. When a plug misses fire, due to oil or grease, if the wire be detached and held about a quarter of an inch from the plug—with the motor running—this will act as a spark gap and the plug will generally clean itself. Should it fail to do so, the only remedy is to replace and clean the plug in the regular way." Note this please, you amateur chauffeurs, and take one very useful hint.

The press agent has something to say about the alcohol experiments as well as spark plugs. He states that the Maxwell-Briscoe Company is experimenting with an alcohol carburettor and goes on to say, "Besides this, other tests will be made with the various hydro-carbons, such as kerosene, naphtha, benzine, &c." This brings up a very interesting question. The Maxwell press agent, or the man who instructed him, has forgotten one hydro, which is not a hydro-carbon; it is a hydro-monoxide—in other words, water. The Union Gas Engine Company, of San Francisco, have for more than a year had a marine gasoline engine on the market that burns 40 per cent. of water to 60 per cent. of distillate when running at full speed. The water is sprayed into the cylinder through a carburettor that is exactly similar to that used for the distillate. The oil explodes and the water is converted into steam. The engine gains power from the compression of the steam and the latter acts as a cushion, so that, when the engine is running at full speed, it makes practically no noise, and one can hear only the click of the sparking device. There are two boats in San

Pedro that use this new water-burning engine—the Orient and the Shea. The engineer of the Shea states that he can regulate his engine to use equal quantities of water and distillate. If marine engines can burn water there seems no reason why automobile engines should not be brought down to a point where they can burn just enough gasoline to explode and turn the water into steam. The Graphic would be pleased to hear from experts on this subject.

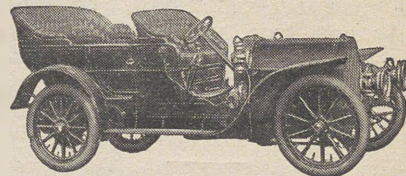
Earl Anthony is another of the busy managers this week. He really had nothing to say. The Western Motor Car Company may be congratulated, however, on his management, for, judging from outside sources, they did a tremendous business during the show. Their garage is a veritable hive of industry, and they are busy fixing up machines for delivery.

At the White Garage all our old friends are busier than we have ever seen them yet. Clarence Jargstorff is conscientiously showing the ladies how to work the Pope-Hartford cars that he sold them during the first days of the show. Harmon Ryus is teaching the buyers of the latest White steamers and Bert Dingley is showing off the latest Prairie Schooner in the shape of the Christman car. Mr. Christman himself is here and acts as chauffeur while Bert explains the advantages of the "No-gear" system. The writer had a short ride on this latest innovation in the way of desert flyers and was much impressed by the way the change-of-speed system acts. Mr. Christman states that there is no mud bank or sand heap that can effect his "No-

Two of Them are Here

POPE-TOLEDO

"The Chrome Nickel Steel Car"



Motor Transmission and general design, practically a duplicate of the Italian Fiat car driven by Laucia in two Vanderbilt races. A foreign car at an American price. Fifty horse power motor, mechanical valves, four speed selective transmission, high tension magneto, 36 inch wheels, multiple disc clutch. Price with top and full lamp equipment, \$4600.

Let us mail you further information.

**Western Motor Car Co.**

415 SOUTH HILL STREET

Charles E. Anthony, Pres. Earl C. Anthony, Mgr

## AUTOMOBILE EXCHANGE

117 WEST 16TH STREET

Home B 5090

Main 7655

Automobiles bought and sold. We deal strictly in second-hand machines and if you are looking for a machine we can save you money. Give us a call.



gear" arrangement, and, judging by the exhibition he gave, he speaks the truth. This Christman car is a powerful-looking animal. It acts like an animal in the way it quietly attains speed and slows down without a murmur. It was impossible to obtain a very good idea of its mechanism at the show, merely by peeping at it through the crowd of interested spectators, but riding on it down the streets and over a few bumpy bare lots gives one a much better idea of the value of this new-fangled chain gear. Many people have said that Mr. Christman is a crank. That may be, but he certainly seems to have more good sound sense back of his arguments than the average crank. In fact, if he is a crank he must be part of a well-forged shaft and with a thundering good piston movement behind him.

We did not hear very much from James Shuck, who was stowed away in one corner of the show with the latest marine engine freak. It is the latest self-reversing never-stop type, and, though it may not be all that its very clever and amiable agent claims for it, it certainly has the appearance of having a plausible chance to work well. The reversing is done by the sparking device to which is attached a button pressure on which cuts out the sparking current. Moving the spark lever over toward amidships slows the engine down, then pressure on the button stops the current so that the engine runs with its own impetus. When the engine is running slowly enough the lever is turned over to the reverse side and the button released. This gives the forward cylinder a back shot which stops the engine and turns it slowly in a reverse direction. This reverse movement is immediately taken up by the other two cylinders and the engine then runs in a reverse direction as fast as it does forward. The shaft is connected to the propeller shaft by a simple clutch. The engine is, of course, of the mono-cycle type, and is going to be practically demonstrated in a motor boat now being built by the Ross Marine Construction Company of Alamitos Bay.

Countess Hoyes, of Fuime, Hungary, has recently ordered a fully equipped 20-horsepower two-cylinder Maxwell car, which was shipped to her from Col. Pardee's New York Agency this week. Countess Hoyes is a granddaughter of Whitehead, of Whitehead Torpedo Works fame, and is accordingly an American by descent. This order is another significant evidence of the progress that the American automobile manufacturer is making in competition with the European makers.

Thirty-six automobile firms, representing fifty-six different makes, are exhibiting at the show. The following is the list:

A. W. McCready, Jr., 328 Grosse building; A. C. Stewart, 1008 Santee street; A. J. Smith, 1230 Figueroa street; L. L. Brentner, 118 East Ninth street; Southern California Automobile Company, 1811 South Main street; Wm. Gregory, 602 North Main street; Pacific Automobile Company, 1030 South Main street; E. Jr. Bennett, 1203 South Main street; W. Cosby, 1042 South Main street; White Garage, 712 South Broadway; John T. Bill & Co., Tenth and Main streets; Superior Auto Company, 130 East Ninth street; A. W. Gump, 1118 South Main street; Capito Carriage Company, 1201 South Main street; Diamond Motor Car Company, 959 South Main street; Auto Vehicle Company, Tenth and Main

streets; Columbus Buggy Company, Tenth and Main street; H. O. Harrison & Co., 1210 South Main street; Billington Motor Car Company, Seventh and Grand; Mitchell Agency, 380 South Los Angeles street; Lord Motor Car Company, 1044 South Main street; Lambert Auto Company, Pacific Garage, Huntington building; Maxwell-Briscoe-Willcox Company, 1205 South Main street; W. K. Cowan, 830 South Broadway; J. F. McNaughton, 711 South Spring street; Electrical Construction Company, 1126 South Main street; Occident Motor Car Company, 2731 Pico street; Ralph Hamlin, 1806 South Main street; Western Motor Company, 415 South Hill street; L. T. Shettler, 633 South Grand avenue; Duro Car Manufacturing Company, McCan Mechanical Works; Ramsay-Hutchins Company, 1048 South Main street; L. T. Johnson, 957 South Main street; Lee Motor Car Company, 1218 South Main street.

Accessories—J. M. Shuck, Tenth and Main streets; W. D. Newerf, 932 South Main street; American Electrical Manufacturing Company, San Francisco; Heineman-Pearson Company, 1012 South Main street; George P. Moore, 1005 South Main street; John T. Bill Company, Tenth and Main streets; Chanslor-Lyon Supply Company, 930 South Main street; Western Mechanical Works, 835 South Los Angeles street; J. L. Pike, 701 East Seventh street.

*Tourist*  
AUTOMOBILES -  
Made in  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets

"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."

FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS

All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

1806 S. Main St.

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South 909

Pope-Hartfords Pope-Tribunes

and

White Steamers

Early : : : Deliveries

SEE US FOR DEMONSTRATION  
AND GET A SQUARE DEAL...

White Garage

712 South Broadway

Both Phones Ex. 790

H. D. Ryus, Mgr.

The H. O. HARRISON Co.

ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR

1907 PEERLESS AND OLDSMOBILES

Come and inspect our handsome new quarters

1212-1214 S. MAIN ST.

Main 1842; Home 2515.

Boarding and Repairing a Specialty.

Open all Night.

SAME HANDY GARAGE, BUT UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

The Famous "Studebaker" 1907 Models

WILL SOON BE HERE

Better Book Your Order Right Away. They Include Both Gasoline and Electric.


ANGELUS MOTOR CAR CO.

110-12:14 East Third Street.

--

HOWARD FALLON, Manager.



 UR Safe Deposit Department, by its convenient location and ready accessibility, provides the logical place for the storage of your valuables.

Boxes \$2 and upwards per year

## Security Savings Bank

Largest Savings Bank in Southern California  
Resources over \$16,000,000  
Fourth and Spring Streets

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, November 12th, 1906

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans & Discounts \$10,726,007.89	Capital Stock \$1,250,000.00
Overdrafts 110,598.50	Surplus 250,000.00
U. S. Bonds 1,597,160.00	Undivided Profits 1,250,878.89
Prem. on U. S. Bonds 57,450.99	Circulation 1,250,000.00
Bonds 1,082,550.28	Special Deposit,
Due from U. S.	City Treasurer 120,000.00
Treasurer 62,500.00	Bonds Borrowed 145,000.00
Furn. and Fixtures 47,686.41	Deposits 15,388,468.06
Cash on Hand	
(Special Deposit) 120,000.00	
Cash 2,998,926.00	
Due from other Banks	
2,886,466.885,880,892.88	
\$19,684,846.95	\$19,684,846.95

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank

### If You Want Protection For Your Funds

in addition to interest and every banking advantage, become a depositor at this bank  
3% on Ordinary Savings Deposits  
4% on Term Deposits.

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK

The Oldest Savings Bank in Southern California  
Established Jan. 2, 1885.  
S. E. Corner Fourth and Spring Streets

## JOHN T. GRIFFITH CO.

Established 1892

### REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

214 Wilcox Building

Member L. A. R. B.

Home Phone Ex. 416

Sunset Main 4160

## Buy Telephone Stocks

### FIELDING J. STILSON CO.

305 H. W. Hellman Building

Telephones A 2547 Main 105

## SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent. interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

### STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

JOHN R. MATTHEWS  
President

S. F. ZOMBRO  
Cashier

Capital \$500,000

Deposits \$2,000,000

## Financial

The Southern Arizona Bank & Trust Company of Tucson will entirely remodel its home building and interior arrangements.

E. J. Vawter, Jr. has been elected president of the First National Bank of Ocean Park, succeeding his father, who becomes vice-president of the institution.

The newly formed Corona National Bank of Corona has organized with the following directors: W. J. Pentelow, Andrew Veach, Jacob Stoner, F. F. Thompson, J. T. Hamner, M. W. Finley, C. D. McNeil, Walter Tilson, all of Corona and W. A. Bonyne of Los Angeles. The directors have elected officers as follows: W. J. Pentelow, president; Jacob Stoner, vice-president; M. Terpening, cashier.

The Citizens' Savings Bank of Long Beach has named two additional vice-presidents—Charles L. Heartwell and W. W. Lowe being elected to the positions. Charles E. Huntington is promoted to the cashier's desk and W. B. Julian becomes assistant cashier.

Alfred Warring has been appointed assistant cashier of the Bank of Fillmore.

The Savings Bank of Monrovia has elected J. H. Bartle as president and W. A. Chess to be cashier.

A. E. Edwards has been elected cashier of the Pasadena Savings & Trust Company in place of R. I. Rogers, who has become cashier of the National Bank of California, of Los Angeles.

### Bonds

Tucson, Ariz. will sell \$50,000 school bonds on February 18. The bonds run twenty years and bear 4 1-2 per cent.

The treasurer of San Diego county will sell \$12,000 El Cajon High School bonds on February 7. The bonds run five to seventeen years and bear 5-per cent interest.

The board of trustees of Hollywood has voted to issue a call for an election to issue \$100,000 in bonds for street improvements.

The Union Home Telephone & Telegraph Company of Los Angeles has filed for record at San Bernardino a trust deed and mortgage to the Title Insurance & Trust Company to secure a bond issue of \$10,000,000. The mortgage covers every Home Telephone exchange throughout Southern California. Exclusive owners of the stock of this company are John M. C. Marble, J. E. Fishburn, George B. Ellis, James V. Baldwin, John Van Lieu, F. W. Wachter, A. K. Detwiler and A. B. McCutchen.

Santa Barbara county citizens are agitating in favor of a \$250,000 issue for bridge and road building.

Fullerton is considering an issue of \$60,000 for good roads.

The water committee of the city council of Tucson, Ariz. recommends the issuance of \$300,000 in bonds for water works purposes.

Huntington Park votes soon on an issue of \$20,000 for lighting purposes.

The Security Savings Bank of Orange, Calif. has been organized by the stockholders of the First National Bank of that place.

E. R. Yundt, P. R. Ruth and A. C. Abbott, of Pomona, are organizing the Eureka State Bank, which is to do business in Los Angeles.

An attempt is made in "At the Back of the Black Man's Mind," by R. E. Dennett, author of "Notes on the Folklore of the Fjor'd" &c., to give an analysis of the working of the black man's mind and to describe the kingly office and its significance in West Africa.

There are chapters in the volume which deal with the election of a King in the Congo (Kongo, the author points out, is the correct way of spelling the word), his coronation, and the courts of several rulers. The laws of the people are discussed, as well as measures, signs and symbols; Bavili psychology, Ndongism, Nkici-ism, and sacred lands and rivers; omens, sacred animals and customs, etc. There are numerous half-tone illustrations from photographs of natives, symbols, signs, etc.

In the course of his preface the author speaks of the work of missionaries in Africa:

The work of the government of the natives must . . . be greatly simplified if once the importance of the kingly office is recognized. Their higher conception of God cannot be separated from the kingly office, for the King is priest as well. Rotten and degenerate as an African kingdom may have become, its only hope of regeneration rests in the purification of the kingly office and of the ancient system of government attached to it.

The book bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company.

The announcement that the Angelus parlor on the first floor was to give way to store-rooms on account of the public use of the room really caused no great surprise and made many wonder if they had been among those who were unwelcome. There is no doubt, however, that a large number of people who lunched in the grill made legitimate use of the room as a meeting place and the patronage of the grill was much encouraged by the convenience of the reception room.

### Love's Vagrant.

North and South and East and West  
I have roamed a weary while,  
But have found no restful bourn  
Like the garden of thy smile.

North and South and East and West  
I have strayed in errant wise,  
But have seen no guiding star  
Like the lovelight of thine eyes

North and South and East and West  
I have watched the day's eclipse,  
But have won no precious meed  
Like the Guerdon of thy lips.

North and South and East and West  
Vagrant still I roam and roam,  
Harkening through the lonely night  
For thy voice to call me home.

Clinton Scollard in *The Delineator*.

### Specialty Business Property and High Class Residence Property

**MINES & FARISH**  
REAL ESTATE AGENTS  
315 S. HILL STREET

FULLY EQUIPPED RENTAL DEP'T.

GIVE US A CALL Phones { Home Ex. 145  
Main 1457



## Leaves to Cut

"The Romance of John Bainbridge" (The Macmillan Co.), the maiden attempt at fiction by Henry George, Jr., shows some indications that he may be able, after he learns how, to write an acceptable novel, says the New York Times. Being the son of his father and also himself, it was doubtless inevitable that Mr. George should attempt to make out of his novel a lesson in economics. His theme is the iniquity of giving public service franchises to private individuals or corporations, and the resultant political corruption. His scene is in New York, and his story deals with the efforts of a certain Frederic Fenn, a railroad prince and multi-millionaire, to get the franchise for an immense subway terminal scheme which will give an overpowering advantage to his railroad and street car lines. Against him rises up John Bainbridge, a young lawyer-politician from the West, whom Mr. George has mistakenly thought to be his hero. It is the old story of St. George and the dragon, and this time it was really the turn of the dragon, by inherent qualities of interest, to hold the limelight. Although Mr. George is so much absorbed in his economic lesson, he does not forget that it is incumbent upon him when writing a novel to tell a story. It is not forbidden by any law of literary craftsmanship to a writer of tales to incorporate therein any sort of lesson or theme or fad or project, provided only that he fuses and loses his ulterior project in his story, so that the story remains always the main thing. He must not keep his economic or other lesson in his mental consciousness as he would, for instance, a boil on his nose in his physical consciousness. At whatever risk to himself he must suppress it, and scatter it through his system.

Wrapped up in the plot of Mr. George's novel there is a good story, an exceedingly good story. But he was so intent upon his economic theme that he did not see it, and therefore attempted to tell the wrong one. The core of interest in his tale is not the fight of John Bainbridge as a Tammany Alderman against Frederic Fenn, the multi-millionaire, and his money, but the character of Frederic Fenn himself. In his conception of this money king, who, lashed by his daughter's scorn and moved by the memory of his dead wife, finally gives back to the city the franchise he has bribed from its Aldermen, there are possibilities that dwarf that part of the story which Mr. George has made the most important. The "romance" that is of keenest interest in the book is not nearly so much that of John Bainbridge as of Frederic Fenn.

The 27th of February, the centenary of Longfellow's birth will be observed at Park street, New York, by the issue of "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: A Sketch of His Life," by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. The autobiographical matter included in the poet's notes written for the later editions of his poems, his correspondence and his journals, will be laid under contribution for this book. It is sixty-five years since the oldest Longfellow copyright was granted, yet Mr. Kipling is not the only judge to find him yet unequaled in the United States, and the interest in the centenary will be far greater than the shown in any similar recent commemoration.

Wallace Irwin, author of "Chinatown Bal-lads," "At the Sign of the Dollar," and other

verse that has won him a place among American humorists, is just at present exercising his talents in a new field. He is writing the lyrics for a musical comedy in which Raymond Hitchcock, of "Yankee Consul" fame, is to star.

Before the present-day summer and winter exoduses to Europe in six-hundred-foot steamers, the stream of American travel had already begun to trickle over the Old World. George Brandes, in his *Reminiscences*, gives some pleasant glimpses of Americans of different sorts whom he met in Germany in the 60's.

"The lady members of an American family from Boston treated me quite maternally; the wife suggested almost at once, in the railway-carriage, that I should give her when we reached the hotel whatever linen or clothes I had that needed repairs; she would be very pleased to mend them for me. The husband, who was very pious and good-natured, had all his pockets full of little hymn books and in his memorandum book a quantity of newspaper cuttings of devotional verse, which he now and then read aloud enthusiastically.

"But I also met with Americans of quite a different cast. A young student from Harvard University, who, for that matter, was not in love with the Germans, and declared that the United States could with difficulty absorb and digest those who were settled there, surprised me with his view that in the future Bismarck would come to be regarded as no less a figure than Cavour. The admiration of contemporary educated thought was then centered around Cavour, whereas Bismarck had hitherto only encountered passionate aversion outside Germany, and even in Germany was the object of much hatred. This student roused me into thinking about Bismarck for myself."

The seventeen chapters of "The Pacific Islanders" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) are the work of nearly as many different writers, missionaries who tell of the islands which they have visited, and of the savage peoples to whom they have ministered. There are also biographical sketches of several of the men who have devoted their lives to the improvement of creatures so degraded that the task of civilizing them must have seemed almost hopeless. Where the work of so many authors is represented there is necessarily a wide divergence in style; yet all these accounts are characterized by a cheerful tone and a hopeful spirit. We could wish, says the New York Times, that there might have been somewhat less insistence upon the differences between Catholic and Protestant missionaries—differences which do not make very edifying reading. The maps are upon so reduced a scale as to be somewhat baffling. The illustrations are reproductions of photographs, showing the natives and their homes.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Dred: A Tale of the Dismal Swamp," which some folks prefer to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has long been out of print in England, and probably in America. The book is soon to be brought out in a new edition in London. It may be remembered that years ago the original plates of "Dred" were destroyed by fire in America, and the publishers never had the courage to set the book—which is a long one—up again. The English publishers of "Dred" will be Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., a venerable house that was founded back in the eighteenth century, and after much prosperity and some recent ill-luck has changed hands and taken

on a new lease of life. It is good news to old Londoners to learn the ancient house will be kept alive, for Sampson Low has had scores of historical associations. The original Mr. Sampson Low, who founded the business, was a contemporary of Cowper and Boswell, and in his office in Soho had Edmund Burke for a neighbor.

Maxim Gorky's impressions of the United States, chiefly unfavorable, are appearing in Russian at St. Petersburg. They are in the form of fiction. The first volume, published by the Znanie Company, is called "The City of the Yellow Devil"—New York, bless your heart, the yellow devil being not journalism of a certain kind, but gold. This book is made up of short stories describing the poorest part of the American metropolis. Succeeding books are to be called "The Kingdom of Boredom," "The Mob," and "Charley Maine." Mr. Gorky is going to have lots of fun with us before he gets through and amply repay himself for the social discomfort he suffered in the land of the free.

Messrs. Duffield & Co. announce for publication in February a new novel by Charles Egbert Craddock, entitled "The Windfall." Other novels for early publication on the same publishers' spring list are, "The Dower Woods," by Emma Brooke, author of "The Engrafted Rose"; and "A Winged Victory," by Prof. Robert Morse Lovett, of the University of Chicago, author of "Richard Gresham."

A Northern man visiting in a Southern town announced that he could tell a man's political tendencies by looking at his face. His auditors looked at one another with incredulity.

"Well, I seldom make a mistake. You," he said, indicating one of the group about him, "are a McKinley man."

"That's right," said the man referred to.

"You," pointing at another, "are a Cleveland Democrat."

"Yes, that is so," answered he. And the crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"You," addressing a third, "are a Bryan man."

"You're wrong there. I'm sick; that's what makes me look that way."

Impulsive Visitor (to whom country hostess is showing photograph album)—Oh! who is that homely man?

Country Hostess (with dignity)—That is my brother. Impulsive Visitor (mending matters)—How stupid of me! I might have known!—*The Delineator*.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

January 3rd, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Mabel G. Kelch, of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No.—, for the purchase of the Lots 2 and 3, SE¼ of NW¼ and NE¼ of SW¼ of Section No. 18, in Township No. 1 S, Range No. 19 West, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, Cal., on Thursday, the 14th day of March, 1907.

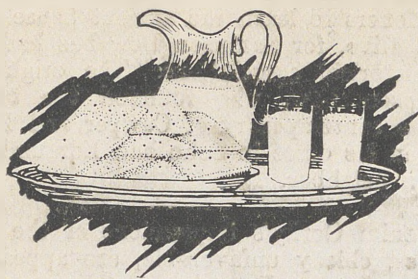
She names as witnesses: Marion Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal., I. S. Colyer, of Santa Monica, Cal., Freeman M. Kincaid, of Los Angeles, Cal., Perry Cattle, of Sherman, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of March, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Jan. 19—9t. Date of First publication Jan. 19, 1907.





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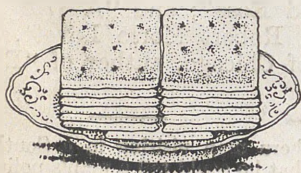
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